THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

GEORGE R. GRAHAM & CO. PUBLISHERS.

NUMBER NINETY-EIGHT CHESNUT STREET

TWO DOLLARS A-YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS: DEVOTED TO GENERAL INTELLIGENCE, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE, AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXII. PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 1, 1842. WHOLE NO. 1105.

Original Poetry.

THE VISION OF LIFE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY W. F. VALLEY.

As so often the case in common life—death at last was sudden and unexpected. On the night of her decease her mother, who was sleeping near her, was awakened by circumstances which convinced her the hour of her daughter's departure was at hand. She arose, and with the assistance of a female friend, who was then in the house, dressed the corpse for the grave. To these assistants, however, it appeared that the body was not perfectly cold, and they accordingly proposed the performance of certain experiments, which, if they failed to restore animation, would at least satisfy them that life was entirely extinct. Accordingly some application of lemon juice was made to the lips, and the nostrils were touched with a feather. The result was perfectly successful. The eyes opened, and the cheeks became warm. Animation was restored. Nature, however, had been severely taxed by the struggle, and the patient remained in a very feeble condition for several days. She then began slowly to recover, and in the course of a few weeks was able to walk about the house. Her mother, who had been for some time in a very delicate state of health, was now confined to her bed, and it was thought that the fright she had received on the night of her daughter's supposed death had been the cause of her illness. She died in a few days after the restoration of her daughter to life.

Such is the story which I have heard related by several persons, and which I believe to be entirely true. It is certainly a most remarkable instance of suspended animation, and one which, if it were more frequently known, might be the means of preventing premature interments. Many persons have been buried alive, and many more have been in danger of such a fate. Let us hope that the number of these cases will be greatly diminished in future.

Original Tales.

ADRIAN DORIS.
Or, The Exiled Heir.
(CONCLUDED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY W. L. STONE.

Juliet—I would not for the world they knew how fond—I have night's cloak to hide me from their sight,
And long as that thick veil is o'er my face,
My lily sees better naked to the eye
Than death prematurely unsheathed.

CHAPTER III.—THE FESTIVAL.

There was a brilliant assemblage at Adam Grimshell. He had been that day elected chief justice of Genoa: and had now assembled around his stately laden board the counsellors of the nobles and senate, to receive their silkenwarez and distribute patronage. Alphonso the Count, was present with his lady and family. He was prou of his noble birth. Spurning an ancestry who had not been powerful and famous in the history of nations, he believed himself the founding dynasty" of hereditary honors, he classed birth-right the lofty station which the valor or wit of his fathers had won. Their unlettered ancestors, the divided honors of the republic, chafed and fretted by many powerful nobles around him who elegantly the favor of the populace of Genoa, and the Count himself, indulged the hope of enduring its supremacy, not as a monarchy for that would be fatal to all Europe—but as a form of government which should secure to his family the honors of a hereditary aristocracy.

TO CLUBS.

Those who wish to club together, we make the following offer, which we will stand to—namely, that

Five copies for Five dollars.
Eight copies for Eight dollars.
Ten copies for Ten dollars.

Any person who has no agent, can remit to us by mail, at our risk, if the letter be post paid, and the money be enclosed in the presence of a postmaster.

C. J. PETERSON.

No. 98 Chesnut Street, Philadelphia.

CURE FOR A BALD HEAD.

Important discovery of DR. JAYNES'
HAIR TONIC.

Having effected the complete restoration of hair to the heads of many individuals who were entirely bald, and in numerous cases where the hair was falling off rapidly, and with entire success in every instance, the proprietor has been induced to offer the following remarkable testimonials, which will satisfy the most incredulous of the truth of the assertion, that DR. JAYNES' HAIR TONIC will restore hair upon bald heads.

HAMILTON, Feb. 12, 1842.

DEAR SIR:—I cannot refrain from expressing to you the great satisfaction I have derived from the use of your Hair Tonic. My hair had been falling off to such a degree that I was apprehensive I should soon be entirely bald. A few applications of your Tonic has entirely arrested the falling off. I have found it now almost three months since I commenced using it, and my hair is now considerably thicker on the head than it was before I commenced. I can say in truth that I have found it to be all that you have represented it to be, and I think we cannot do better than recommend it to the public. Without any exaggeration, I may say, that the use of your Tonic has restored my hair. Yours, &c. JAMES R. BOYD.

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had been accused whom few could quell, even more uneasy, when, gliding with into the argument, he began disputation and refute the sophistry of his adversary. He remained his tone of inventive, now the most loose and polished sarcasm, and for his adversary and his clique as direct speaker proceeded, Stratton turned white could have started to his feet, had not his self, Basil Howell, motionless as death, held in the same seathing strain, until he established his opponent. There was, among Stratton's friend, no motive to spare or down amid murmurs of applause from

As he resumed his seat every eye was directively to the haughty wife of his rival. pale, and notwithstanding his efforts to restrain, all saw in her component ire and the agony of the baser wicker. In that was revenged, as' how latterly revenged sisterer looked at him, and restored the and on herself, she felt that she was ut and that too, in the sight of the whole was the torture of her situation lessened. field, screamed, when she saw the glad into Edith's eyes, and beheld the crowd looked around her, hurrying to her rival's

done wonders—your fame is established the gray headed leader of Howell's party ground or annihilated. During thirty years have never heard such a speech on the

same lavished on him would have made duty; but they had no others left—and the graces before lavished on his work. hour such which Edith greeted him on words, to him, more than all the rest. have we to ask? The nature of the hour, and was hailed with universal congratulation. only the marriage of Edith with Basil Station completely wretched, became conscious of. She sensed the fact, but had never been visited the regular, but in his country's councils, and Edith's ever.

EW VOLUME.

JULY, 1842.

THE LADY'S
LD OF FASHION.
A MAGAZINE
hoice American Literature.

ent of this Magazine will begin with July ter of the American Lady's Book, and the work is devoted especially to the fashion, and lishments of the ladies, and to the literature ladies from the most popular and prolific day, on every variety of subject. More ed, it will be found, we believe, to be the our female writers, while the earliest fashion ers are currently published in this city, ome at every fire-and-ten or four bills at the ers, in the house of a subscriber, and thus ently supplies her reasonat, as in the way of the nearest retail bookseller.

Plan of the Work.

ment design of the Magazine is to furnish in ular style, the regular monthly fashions of the Monthly Fashions direct from Paris and re are enabled to do several months in ad- ers. The Monthly Fashions are not only ies taste in dress the least matter of life, sent and to the professional dressmakers of the United States, the enterprise will be ed. We issue every month a Fashion Plate ostume, which puts to the blush every thing monthly reports of the Fashions be extinct

ngmen the publisher embarked the most single ventures in the enterprise, and the result in this country and in Europe gave to ence. It has been a favorite project, and has undertaken, and will be carried through cer-

ginal and Steel Engravings.

o render the work ornamental in the highest to enable it to compete successfully with the cuter-table, as well as entertaining in an ntable in the style of the fashion plates—a ower the most splendid Parisian Magazine. ne first retain in the country, illustrated in ginal steel engravings of beauty, the like of ne, at times, will be given, the most popular Music of the Day, Songs, Gallopades, Mo-

riginal Contributors.

ge number of ladies which have appeared in the ing the last volume, bears testimony to the ter contributors, and the high reputation the able and female writers of the country. The ers will be equal with a great accession of tal-

All the articles which appear in this work ed for the purpose.

The Typography.

ue is issued on clear and beautiful type, on a ed to contain about one dollar Magazines, ge, and strong, white paper, and will contain ch will be compressed into thirty-two

Time of Delivery.

ber will be issued on or before the 15th of e during the month for which it will be published. ers in the country can depend upon receiving the first of the month usually arrive. Thus the ers will have nearly a week before such the ers before they can be got out here: and thus other Magazines in front the weeks.

THE TERMS.

the work without the work of all, is as usual ONE DOLLAR per annum for a single copy, or ar. The cheapness of the work will be considered, when we state that the London Weekly ublished at Three Dollars a year, and the ork of Fashions includes every variety in the of existence.

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he passed his guests to receive a second and more pleasing welcome. If the memory of the former wrongs and insults—if the long kindled flame of hatred and jealousy which existed between the commons and nobility—if a suspicion of deceit and treachery in the outward semblance of kindness crossed the minds of any, as they beheld their former foe seal a representative of the abhorred aristocracy, it was quickly dispelled by the radiant beauty, and lovely irresistible smile of his fair daughter. In a plain, flowing, white robe she seated herself at the narrative she had heard, or the round and last of the apartment, whither she had been by her mother, who suggesting that she should be her handmaid, the faithful Annette, she was to be free with orders to carry her to her chamber, and the youthful nurse of her infancy was left alone. With tender care she laid her head on the pillow, and the rapidly restricted intercourse permitted the sister, by Italian mothers, would admit. Then, with a sigh of relief, she left the room, and in the hall, and even after that event, during the procession of hostilities which happened between the sisters, the intercourse between their Doria and Grimaldi had been friendly and free. During this early period of their lives the expressions of mutual love was felt, which were either thoughtlessly and happily was to rule no more in future destinies. Amid all the bitterness of domestic and political contests which child opposing families and factions in those days was to be found a solace in the love of the sister. He was dressed in a plain suit of velvet, with a cap of the same material drawn closely over his brow. Imelda, a little maid of ten summers and twelve, since with which he regarded her, advanced with hesitating and faltering footsteps—observing her dissembling manner, the youth slightly raised his cap from his face so as to give a better view of his features. Although he appeared in the humble and ordinary garments of rich plume to shade his brow or a sword and cuirass to aid his fine figure, Imelda easily recognized in him the person whom she so much sought; and gathering her dismay about her person with a pretty show of modesty modesty, she managed to drop her handkerchief within the sight of the lingering youth—and then continued her progress towards the altar. Seeing the handkerchief fall, and observing that her abandoned lingered at the door, the youth, with becoming gallantry, picked it up and hastened to present it to its fair owner. But the moment he drew near the altar, his countenance changed into a vivid and she had concluded her prayer. While thus delayed, happening to be near a pillar, which stood near her contemplated form, she had thought I saw pursuing you—oh—this horrible thing will it last?"

"Only a few days," said the faithful Annette, "but you must wander no—take this draught to still your—you see in your own

There is less Adrian!" and Imelda—starting back—shrieked in fear. "Signora Annette! Adrian! Adrian! where is he? Murdered, murdered! fear of the whole was seen the relentless fury of de- Grimaldi, and the sword of Doria, and the blood- ing the fatal battle, and the danger which then alone can relieve—she ran to her mistress, and with- ing her consciousness, and receiving rather fancy, rather, called to an attendant to quet the dis- Adrian, and to bring him to her presence. In the midst of foot or five companions, and a youth, whose flushed face and agitated frame evinced that he had been engaged in the fight, and had just left the field. A few moments served to bring the youth before the sister, who, having dismissed her attendants, regarded the agitated, and under suspicious circumstances, with a mingled feeling of love for her brother and fear for his safety. Her eyes, although yet swimming in tears, with a stillness and wildness which contrasted with the excitement which had just passed. But her a smile so ominous as if dashing whether the ing of the fight, or the success of his party, she said, in a firm but melancholy tone, make an attempt to save him from those ruthless who had caused the carnage of the day—"Adrian! I have in this heart the courage as well as the love of a Grimaldi, and if he is in the city I shall find him, and I will save him if the very flag that he might without difficulty, be known; but alas! the disappointment, and perhaps anger, of the youthful warrior, the maiden passed on. Baffled in his last hope, for it was not likely, from the lateness of the hour, that another would be found in the streets, and anxious to relieve the heart which he professed the handkerchief which so well repaid his attention.

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"I wish no other acknowledgment," she replied, "than the good you have done, and the pain of which I grieved to see you suffer."

"Stop, stop," said she, as she pressed her finger on his lips, and the dazzled Count looked wonderingly on the pair, "I will not be the betrayer of the secret I must understand it, know you not that true dear has no taint of selfishness; that no suggestion of self enters the heart of a Grimaldi? Know you not that the heart which flutters at a struggling maiden's bosom, at the rustle of a falling leaf when feeling only for self, may prove cowardly when it beats for others, and is ready to die bearing for another."

"Thou art very true, dear Imelda," said Adrian, as his arm drew the ample breadth of her domino more closely around her waist for the touch alone had been removed. "You—you—madam," said Annette, turning to the Count, not to enter the room; she added," she is quite competent, and I was just leaving her chamber—she does not

"Then I will not go in," said her mother. "Let us then depart, Annette, tell her that I would have spoken to her—but that I will see her to-morrow—her presence is necessary every moment to attend to other matters."

"It is, madam," replied Annette. And Imelda, who had been listening breathlessly to the conversation, had the satisfaction of hearing the retiring footsteps of the group along the corridor. While Annette was gone, the fair girl thought how she could enable Adrian to escape from the city, and from the danger that was to overwhelm others. A number of plans entered her mind which were thrown aside as impracticable. She at length recollected she had taken from him to open several months before, and which she prized highly since it was the gift of her brother, and the token of some service he was wrought, and from the peculiar figures and colorings, he would instantly recognize it. This she communicated to Adrian, who, seizing the hint, and their casually awards slew me at thy feet, than to fly from me who only did what a rabid dog is put to death for my exposure this awful night! I claim that as the basis—and I shall feel my services, my love slighted, if you do not accept of the gift which I have remembered as much danger to save!"

The deep anxiety expressed by her pale and beautiful countenance, and the eloquent appeal of her dark eyes flowing in tears, were irresistible to a heart that loved, and refused more effectually the storm raging in his bosom, than sweet to advise or reason could have done. He again clasped her hand, and said in a kind and gentle tone,

"Since you attach some value to my life it has become dearer to me—my oath cannot be revoked, but only consent to fly with me, and the object of my vast and life will extend a hearty welcome, and to be anxious

PART II.—THE BARGAIN.

Annette now arrived with the key, which she had managed to purloin from the butch in her uncle's hand, while pretending to arrange his ruffle—the old man being in such a state of excitement from the wine he had lately swallowed, and the torrents of words and things he was discoursing on some indifferent accounts that he supposed she was ministering his hand ruffles, which had been completely disturbed by the nervousness of his son (as he was wont to say,) whenever he raised a glass to his lips.

Annette soon put on her costume, and stealing softly from the chamber, after threading many narrow and dark passages, they gained the garden terrace and reached the extensive gardens without being perceived. Passing into the street, (taking care to lock the gate behind and keep the key,) with much difficulty and danger they pursued their way—now stopped by a squad of burghers discovering their arms, and then by a party of rabble, rudely assailing by some insolent servant or man at arms, who remembered the livery that gave no sufficient protection for any rude- ness offered to the hated colors of Doria. But Imelda's courage and perseverance did not fail, and she continued her course sustained by the knowledge that her disguise was impenetrable, and that the danger she encountered was for the safety of one who would have any deed for her sake, and whose every exertion was to be sought about by a design to visit her. She at length reached the cathedral, where the only hope of saving Adrian could be indulged. The doors were open, and the sacred array of lights had been extinguished, with the single exception of one over the main entrance. The number of persons present was very small, for the hour had far passed, and even the crowd of poor and wretched lingered only about the doors of the passage, had ceased to importune their more fortunate fellow creatures, and sought a softer and more comfortable resting place than the cold pavements of Genoa afforded. With trembling steps she entered the building, and hastily and anxiously scanned the interior. The greater part of the lights had been extinguished, but the numerous tapers still burning in front of the representation of the crucifixion, and a few scattered lamps which dimly lighted the different aisles of the vast building. Along the aisles a few persons were kneeling, appearing to belong to the poorer classes, whose daily occupations had prevented any special attention to their devotions. As she advanced from the door in the direction of the altar, the shadow of the figure of a youth caught her eye before the features of the face. He was dressed in a plain suit of velvet, with a cap of the same material drawn closely over his brow. Imelda, a little maid of ten summers and twelve, since with which he regarded her, advanced with hesitating and faltering footsteps—observing her dissembling manner, the youth slightly raised his cap from his face so as to give a better view of his features. Although he appeared in the humble and ordinary garments of rich plume to shade his brow or a sword and cuirass to aid his fine figure, Imelda easily recognized in him the person whom she so much sought; and gathering her dismay about her person with a pretty show of modesty modesty, she managed to drop her handkerchief within the sight of the lingering youth—and then continued her progress towards the altar. Seeing the handkerchief fall, and observing that her abandoned lingered at the door, the youth, with becoming gallantry, picked it up and hastened to present it to its fair owner. But the moment he drew near the altar, his countenance changed into a vivid and she had concluded her prayer. While thus delayed, happening to be near a pillar, which stood near her contemplated form, she had thought I saw pursuing you—oh—this horrible thing will it last?"

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From the Magazines.

FROM GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE FOR OCTOBER.

THE RETURN OF YOUTH.

BY WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

My friend, thou sorrowest for the golden prime
Of life, for the youthful years now wasted and gone.
Thou wouldst recall the days that are no more.
Of cheerful hours that filled the world with light,
And thou wouldst take back the years that have rolled
Like a thought the meagre gentleness of sleep.
Thou wouldst be young again, and go once more
Through the same busy course of life thou hast run.
Thou wouldst be young again, and go once more
Through the same busy course of life thou hast run.
Then lookest forward on the coming days,
And seest, through the long vista of the years,
A path, thick set with changes and desires,
Which thou wouldst fain tread with hasty feet;
And they who walked with thee in life's first stage,
Journey with thee on the same road, and keep
Their warm and the companions of the aged—
Dull love of coal, and scornful pride of gold.
Yet grieve them not, nor think thy youth is gone,
Nor that the years have borne away from thee
The pleasant youth, a little while withdrawn.
Within the bosom of brighter days.
Within, like the mantled mirror, that slumbering hides
Her own sweet countenance, and keeps it safe
There shall be welcome then, when thou shalt stand
Where the fair vision of thy youth shall rise
Once more before thee, and thou shalt behold
Through the fair mists to lead the tender feet,
Which hurry along laughter, innocent
Life's easy glory to those eyes again.
Thou shalt see the sunny meadows through, and till
The leaping heart with warmer love than then.
Thou shalt see the sunny meadows through, and till
The leaping heart with warmer love than then.
Of sometimes whose autumnal morn prevails!
Thou shalt see the sunny meadows through, and till
A gentle murmur of the morning gales.
Thou shalt see the sunny meadows through, and till
And thence the fragrance of the blossoms bear.
Thou shalt see the sunny meadows through, and till
More accurst in that celestial air!

FROM THE LADY'S BOOK, FOR OCTOBER.

MARRYING A MERCHANT.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"What do you think of Mr. Hazeldine?" asked a young lady of her friend Josephine Allison.

"I think he's nothing but a clerk," was the contemptuous response, accompanied by a peculiar toss of the head.

"Nothing but a clerk!" ejaculated the friend, in surprise.

"Yes, nothing but a clerk."

"I don't know," said the friend, recalling to mind a gentleman whom she had met at a party, but could not call to mind his name, "he has a very gentlemanly appearance, and I should think would be a desirable acquaintance."

"Oh, no, he is not, indeed," said the other, in a decided tone. "He has talent enough, but he is only a clerk, and I would not give the snap of my finger for all his talent."

"Why, really, Mary, I did not suspect you of a tendency to romance."

"I fear you have a tendency to something much worse than romance, Mary Grant replied, in a serious tone.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that you have a tendency towards a confirmation of false views of marriage; which will certainly bring you to misery."

"Don't give yourself any uneasiness on that score, I shall never marry a merchant," was Josephine's laughing response.

Josephine Allison was the daughter of a father, who had commenced life as a merchant's clerk, and risen to large family; and have a few thousands of dollars left- ing about them. This was divided amongst eight children, would not of course leave either of them very wealthy. Mr. Allison was conscious of this fact, and as a man, his daughters had plenty of beaux. And as they, as a matter of course, had no very correct idea of the extent of their father's wealth, they, very naturally, over-estimated the value of their attractions, over-estimated themselves in consequence. Hence arose Josephine's high opinion of herself, and her contempt of clerks and mechanics. For these false views, her father and mother were, of course, much to blame. Instead of carefully instilling into the mind of their daughter the idea that labor was honorable, and necessarily a part of the business of life, and that every man who knew how to labor, and labored well, was entitled to the respect of his fellow-men, they had allowed her to imbibe the idea that labor was degrading, and that all who were engaged in it were unworthy of her notice. Whenever she met a young lady, who had been properly instructed, running off into such notions. Whenever she met a young lady, who had been properly instructed, running off into such notions. Whenever she met a young lady, who had been properly instructed, running off into such notions

SATURDAY POST.

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MONEY.

Strange as it will appear to those who are more interested in other things, there is not operation, in society, with her immense hosts, and her spacious and magnificent cities, had no money—Egypt, opulent, populous, and abundant Egypt had no money. Ancient Persia, before the age of the first Darius, had no money—the early Hebrews, even during the most prosperous period of the age of Solomon, and down to the time of Judas Maccabeus, were without money—Rome was without money to the time of Servius Tullius—and the early Greeks, the heroic ages were equally destitute of money.

Among all these nations, gold and silver, when used in barter, was weighed out by the scales, as when Abraham purchased the cave of Machpelah, he "weighed to Ephron the silver which he had named in the audience of the Sons of Heth;" however there was no exactly no money in Arabia, or the interior of Africa, which Job could not have been estimated by his camels, oxen, and the asses: and there was none in Greece, when Achilles slew Hector, and gave in exchange for his corpse as much to it, but, on the contrary, by informing us, that the armor of Diomede cost only nine oxen, while that which Glaucus afterwards gave in exchange for it, cost one hundred, shows that cattle, in their larger purchases, were made the current measure of value. It is from that circumstance, and of coins and issuing at the time the ordinary and known signs of property, and current measure of value, that we find those specifically mentioned in the Tenth Commandment; and the virtuous prohibition of covetousness decrees local intelligibility to the nature of the object.

The invention of coining was not only an adaptation of engraving to the purposes of society, but an important one, in order to adjust the difference of value, however, known when or in what country money first became the substitute for cattle and unstamped bullion, in the Homeric Greek races, among the liberals and commercial nations of the world, the Lydians issued by the first Darius are the oldest. Persian coins that were ever invented in that empire.

There is, however, reason to believe, that Darius were not the very first coins which the world had beheld. Montesquieu is of opinion, that the Lydians first found out the art of coining money. By others, the invention is ascribed to Phidon of Argos. But the art of disengraving, and of mintage money, were, no doubt, like most other arts, progressive. That stamps of bullion were in commercial use,—that stamps were applied to them in order to save time, and the constant relevance to the accurate weighing of money, were facilitated in Western Asia for ages prior to that of Lycurgus, are not only facts very supposable and credible in themselves, but are also countenanced by the circumstance of "stamped ingots" being alluded to in the Hebrew and Arabic versions of the book of Job. Then, it must be seen, how natural it was for the very numerous and extensive communities to arrive at national and commercial prosperity, in consequence of the lower Empire, and the use of money, without even the knowledge of that which to nations and tribes, and to some modern philosophers appears to be so indispensable to every purpose of life, and almost even to existence itself. India, Persia, Assyria, Judea, Egypt, Greece, Etruria, Rome, the nations of Asia Minor, Carthage, Spain, Gaul, Germany, Britain, and

Ireland, all existed in England as early as the reign of Cunobelin, the father of Caractacius, but there is reason to believe its use reached far beyond the generation of British tradition to Rome, where larger and more ponderous articles of property could not easily have been transmitted, since Abou Pharaim, or, as the British call him, Pharamond, of England, for several ages after Cunobelin, record their revenues not in money, but in kind, that is to say, in cattle, corn, and other such marketable species of property. William the Conqueror introduced the custom of paying the feudal subsidiaries (vassals) in money. The long reign of Edward, marking the expansion of the young man's commerce more closely.

"Good morning, Charles!" he said, endeavoring to smile. "I am look rather old and haggard beyond hope." and the young man leaned his—one or rounder in much attention.

"Why do you think so?" asked Mr. Allison, in a voice so calm as he could muster.

"Because I have met with several lucky losses lately. Cassenti's failure has deducted a loss of at least seven thousand dollars, and I have sunk more than that sum for my country custom."

"What are you going to do?"

"I cannot tell. That depends on certain: I shall not be able to meet my payments on to-morrow. There are five thousand dollars, and I have not one hundred. Every resource is exhausted. Failure, inevitable and totally ruinous, stares me in the face."

"And I shall be involved in that ruin," said Mr. Allison, piercing the young man keenly with his glance. The words and forwards, so manifest agitation of mind.

"I trust not, sir," Erskine ventured to say.

"I come man," and the father-in-law, pausing and looking Erskine sternly and sternly in the face, "when you feel, I shall be stripped of every thing. The hard earnings of forty industrious years will be swept away in the winds, and I turned upon the world, in my old age, without a child. Fool, fool that I was, to suffer my better conviction to be overruled!"

"I can see only on my paper to the amount of about twenty thousand dollars," Erskine said, after the end more had ceased speaking.

"Only twenty thousand! And pray sir, how much do you suppose I am worth?"

"At least three times that sum," was the confident reply.

"You were never more mistaken in your life, sir! I am, or rather was worth about twenty thousand dollars, and no more. Of course I am now a beggar. He and this with a bitterness of tone, that touched the heart of the heretofore cold-hearted young man, and made him feel a keen compassion for what he had done.

But to the future of Ann Eliza and the eventual course of events. The morrow came, and Erskine's stove was closed. He had failed. Then came the usual days of sorrow, mourning, etc. Every thing was given up, especially Cassenti's and all. Mr. Erskine was compelled to seek refuge in her father's house, for her husband, poor fellow, had not even a roof to his head to give her a shelter. But worse than all, the hard earnings of her father were drained out of his notes upon which he had placed his name. He lemon were sold, his stock reduced, so that there should be one left for the balance of his shop left, his household furniture, and a very small stock of family groceries, with which to go on with his business, and at the end of a year had large and expensive family. In a business they were glad to obtain a situation in which upon a moderate salary, and the fortune of a book for both, was that there was a necessity to be kept constantly on hand.

On the second day that Mrs. Erskine left her dwelling, home, to fall back into obscurity. Mrs. Erskine changed her name into dwelling for the more imposing to appearance, yet preceding to New York she was determined for her than the pleasant place where the first two years of her happy wedded life had been spent. Her husband's interest in the business had proved much more productive than he had anticipated, and although he was incapable of taking a more showy appearance than that which he already had, he was determined that he should take that external position in society which his talents and standing should warrant; and it was with this view that they resided.

Of course Mrs. Bradford did not seek to renew an acquaintance with Mrs. Erskine, for the circumstances of her fashion circumstance would have been a sufficient inducement for her to have gone to her and suffered her pain to sleep at ease. But conscious that there was a good deal changed in Jonathan's conduct, and having no sympathy with such views as she had formerly entertained, she determined to look for both, now that there was a necessity to be kept constantly on hand.

Erskine's pecuniary embarrassments, of course, were known to Mrs. Bradford, and therefore thought his relation to an unfavorable aspect, results him for no often that he had much which he thought never, and that he be even with his father-in-law.

To effect, the whole story may touch this home,—that a young man ought to be entrusted according to what he really is, and not according to any position to which he may be placed. That young man who has low-toned moral principles, and no active moral sense, must run inevitably. And he who looks there, be his position what it may, is at repeat upon his own exertions to sustain it, will as surely fail.

CULTIVATING GRAPES.

Few fruits are more delicious than the grape, and seemingly its cultivation has attracted considerable attention. But the great sense of most cultivators is that to neglect the grape-vine is not one, and, until repeated immense assist in propagating foreign varieties, which they seem to perfection. The Isabella, Clinton, Catawba and York Madeira, are indigenous, and grow freely here—and most of them out of fine flavor, the Isabella especially so. Passing over the small proportion and never repay the time and attention bestowed on them. On this subject we have lately met some excellent remarks in the Genesee Farmer, a New York agricultural society. "The whole class of foreign varieties," they say, "have two important defects; one, is that the fruit mildews and becomes totally worthless; and the other is, that they are so tender that they will not withstand the cold of our ordinary winters without covering with earth; faults that their exquisite flavor and richness cannot compensate for. After a few years' growth, they become large and attached to the frames upon which they are trained, and the labor of protecting them becomes very great, yet their greatest fault is the failure of the fruit after about four years' growth and fruiting. The first two or three years after they commence bearing, they generally produce their fruit fair and well; but after this their whole produce is a great disappointment. As a curiosity they may be tolerated in a small way, by keeping a constant succession of new vines and training up the old ones. The cause of this fatality arises from the great rush of sap after warm rains in the summer, which is forced up in a direction with such rapidity power, as to burst the berry, or to make them bleed at every part, where they were attached to the frame upon which a perfect fungus. We plant our vines on his rich soil. There is no plant that roots so freely as the grape, or bends out so many roots; and the fibrous roots of the sap is not to be wondered at, when the fact is taken into consideration that the sap rises with a pressure greater than the pressure of the steam in a high pressure steam engine, as is shown by putting a glass tube filled with quicksilver upon the end of a vine cut off in the spring, and noticing a column of forty-two inches in height. Probably if we allowed the vines to ramble freely in a state of nature, and not have to train them, they would have no more root than top, whereby there would be a rest for the amazing quantity of sap that is thrown up into the vine. Pruning is to prevent the surface." In France the vines are set in poor barren shales, or on platforms of rock and gravel without any soil. We should take a hint from this, and cultivate and improve our native grapes, instead of wasting time, labor and money on the foreign varieties.

CANADA.

Since the publication of the Boundary treaty, the public mind, in Canada, has been more calm, and has settled into a calm. In Canada a more liberal policy is prevailing under the administration of Sir Charles Bagot, than, in order to adjust the differences which have long before existed between the two countries, in an amicable manner, and to show the disposition among the British to cultivate friendly races, among the liberals and commercial men called some of the late leading rebels to office. Mr. Draper, Mr. Ogden, Mr. Davidson and Mr. Macnairy are ejected from their offices, and Mr. Baldwin, Mr. Lafontaine, Mr. Girouard and Mr. Hincks put in their places. "We do not see," says the N. Y. Albion, "how the new incumbents can, with honor, avoid recalling Mr. Papineau and Mr. Bidwell—for there can be no more valid objection to their return than against the honor and fruits of office. The appointment of Mr. Girouard virtually annuls every objection that could be, and has been, urged against the rebellion; the prisoners at Van Diemen's Land cannot, with any justice, be longer detained, nor ought Mr. Papineau and Prosper du Tonjon and elsewhere be hindered from returning, for a single moment. Even Mr. Mackenzie, we suppose, is to be free from arrest. Lord John Russell, in 1837, said, "If—there is a little of the Albion's Tories in this, but the remarks show that a great change has come over the spirit of the times. The government ought not to be too free, but it could not prevent the people from thinking, in consequence the lower House of Parliament, the general in its sense, and the Charles Bagot, finding he could not carry on the government with the conservative party was forced to take the liberals into office.

AN EDITOR JILTED.

A most extraordinary circumstance—no less than the jilting of an editor—has taken place in this city recently. Now we always thought editors irresistable, and we fancy this feather of the quill must have been a peculiar individual to have got over the charms of the fair. The reason, however, took the law of the fair necessary, and the case is to be tried in the Court of Common Pleas, for five hundred dollars. The action was brought in the Common Pleas at Exeter, N. H., by Mr. J. M. Pettengill, editor of the Village Record, against Mr. Thomas Kings and Mr. Mr. McGregor, a sub-contractor on the Eastern Railroad, for a breach of marriage promise, committed by Miss Caroline A. Rosseau, the daughter of a substantial farmer of Seabrook, in marrying the said McGregor. It appears that the plaintiff and defendant were married, and soon after and enduring him to rely upon her plighted faith, and deals died in New York with McGregor, and there married the said Caroline, who is now living with him as his lawful wife. In the mean time, Mr. Pettengill, feeling as would naturally be expected, that he had been most unhandsomely treated, and resolved to seek redress for the protection of the law, and to seek in a court of justice that satisfaction and vindication of himself which he was denied elsewhere. Immediately thereon, a writ in the name of McGregor, a suit was instituted against him, the damages being laid at five hundred dollars. But the lucky smash has had to pay sixteen hundred dollars for cutting out an editor, besides having had jokes cracked on him by all the fraternity. For instance several of the exchanges thanks that the husband is deer forever.

MORE BRIDGES BURNT.

We regret to state that the *Hillsborough* on the Reading Rail-road has not yet been put down. About eleven o'clock, on Tuesday night, the Montgomery County Democratic meeting was about to raise above Manayunk, was discovered to be on fire. The bridge was soon enveloped in flames, and consumed to the extent of about 150 feet. This extent would leave about half the ratio. This ratio will give a house at the present time of about 70 members, which is considered sufficiently large for the lodging of the proposed system of representation in analogous to that of the two houses of Congress—the Senate consisting of representatives of the several States, and the House of Representatives of the people in proportion to numbers. The proposed qualifications are to be a male citizen of the United States, and 21 years of age, possessing a freehold estate of the value of $150, with a term of residence in the State, and three months in the town, or 2d, to be a white native citizen of the United States, 21 years of age, with a landlord of two years, and a residence of three months in the town, to have his name registered, and to have paid a tax of $1, either assessed or voluntarily, into the hands of the Treasurer, or a military company, regularly according to law, or as an engine or fire company, to be taken as equivalent to the payment of a tax. Persons in the enjoyment of the above qualifications to be allowed to vote on all questions. Persons not possessing either of the above-mentioned qualifications, to be allowed to be eligible to any office by the people. A section was adopted on Tuesday providing that there shall be two annual sessions of the General Assembly, commencing on the first Tuesday in December, and the second Tuesday in June at Newport, and the other in October every other year at South Kingston, and the intermediate years alternately at Providence and Newport, and that the first session of the new system shall commence on the first Tuesday in October session to be held at Providence in January. A section was also adopted providing that there should be one senator annually, was rejected by the casting vote of the President. A general disposition seems to prevail to accommodate the people in a manner that will suit the liberal minded of both parties.

SULLIVAN ARRESTED.

The notorious Sullivan, the second of Lilly as his fight with McCoy, was arrested on Monday by officers in the discharge of the night's duty, attempting to leave South of McCoy has been running about the shore of Hell Gate, and was found in a small boat, and returning to the city at night. The officers came on board of it, and on Monday proceeded to Shrewsbury in a boat, and arrested him. He was brought to this city and taken before Alderman Merrihew, who sent him to the jail of Fort Richmond in which were Faulkner, Ford and another man. They were pursued ashore, when Sullivan, after a chase, was captured. He and the rest were escaped into the woods and with desistance he captured. Faulkner subsequently escaped, but he had not seen Lilly since the night after the murder, when he slept with him in New York, and that he does not know where Lilly is. Sullivan was taken before Alderman Merrihew, and committed at the Police Office. There is an attempt being made in New York to create a false sympathy in favor of Sullivan, and to make him the victim of justice. It ought not, and we trust, will not succeed.

FALL AND WINTER FASHIONS.

Mr. F. Malnar has shown us his Fall and Winter fashions for 1842–43, which are got up in most excellent style. We have no doubt that the exquisites, one and all, will be in raptures with it, and that the ladies who make a point of failing in love with handsome and well-dressed gentlemen, will use all their influence with husbands and lovers, to induce them to adopt the style of Malnar's.

ELECTORAL VOTES.

It may be a subject of curiosity to our readers to know how the electoral votes will stand under the new apportionment. The number will be 223, a majority of one choice 136. This, it will be seen, is less than before. The following table will show the number of votes to which each State is entitled under the old and new ratio.

	New Ratio.	*Old Ratio.*
1. New York,	36	42
2. Pennsylvania,	26	30
3. Ohio,	23	21
4. Virginia,	17	23
5. Tennessee,	13	15
6. Kentucky,	11	15
7. Massachusetts,	12	14
8. Indiana,	11	9
9. North Carolina,	11	15
10. Georgia,	10	11
11. South Carolina,	9	11
12. Alabama,	9	7
13. Maine,	9	10
14. Illinois,	9	3
15. Maryland,	8	10
16. New Jersey,	7	8
17. Missouri,	7	4
18. Connecticut,	6	8
19. New Hampshire,	6	7
20. Vermont,	6	7
21. Louisiana,	6	5
22. Mississippi,	5	4
23. Michigan,	5	3
24. Rhode Island,	4	4
25. Delaware,	3	3
26. Arkansas,	2	2
	275	294

The number of electors, by the Constitution, it will be recollected, is equal to the whole number of Senators and Representatives in Congress. Then, by the new ratio, there are 223 Representatives; 223 | 223 | 223.

The old 13 States (including Maine, formerly belonging to Massachusetts) are entitled to 170 electoral votes, and the new States to 53, making the whole 223. The new States have greatly increased in power since the last ratio. In fifty years the West can rule the nation.

CHARLES DICKENS.

The evidence against the authenticity of the letter utilizing America, attributed to Boz, accumulates daily. Another letter in the New York Courier contains a letter of it from a distinguished English writer, in which he declares that Dickens never uttered a sentiment or disheartenable, as such a letter would have been. The writer takes a very sensible view of the topic to which it relates, and says:—"Let the rage—Dickens down on the Kentish coast, and I am daily expecting to hear of his projects, both literary and lucrative, for the summer. I rather think we will not see him again directly about your country; but if he does, I am sure you will be more tetrable and than-skinned than become to be annoyed and grieved at any hasty, and certain offence at any of the pleasantries with which so personally rancid and kindhearted a man was possessed of any of your infirmities. It is too childish to suppose, either that you are without them, or that they are not to be laughed at, or used as the ridicule of other natures; and surely D. has not spared other these, or the vices of his own countrymen. At all events, as it is, and always has been, apparent that he has no malice in his heart, you will only put yourself egregiously in the wrong, if you take amiss any playful liberties he may take with your characteristics, and which he has already been longer and louder at you. I know that he was delighted (as he well ought to be) with the reception he met with, and grateful sense of the kindness he everywhere met with." We are very willing to confess that we Americans, as well as all others, have our faults, and that we ought to have the wisdom to bear calmly and if possible profit by the criticisms of foreigners on our manners and habits. This we should especially do when we have reason to believe that the criticism is honestly meant.

FROM MONTEVIDEO.

Intelligence from Montevideo to the 10th July has been received. There has been a general arming of all the citizens of Montevideo, and seven thousand fine soldiers are now prepared to march against the enemy from Buenos Ayres, which force, together with the regular army now in Corrientes, consisting of seven thousand men, will be sufficient to put down the power of Rosas. The British Minister, Mr. Mandeville, has concluded a treaty with the Government. An arrival from the Falkland Islands, on the 14th July, reports that the Governor's ships, Erebus and Terror, is at Port Louis. They had been driven in the Falkland Islands by the ice, and again to attempt the voyage south, in the track of Capt. Waddell. It is said Captain Ross has made important discoveries in the formation of the compass and the position of the South pole. The U. S. ship Delaware, Commodore Morris, was at Rio Janeiro, with the U. S. ship Decatur all well. The French Minister to Portugal has not been allowed by the government of Buenos Ayres to land, and has left in a steamboat, and bought the forts of Martin Garcia, which command the entrances of the river; but it is said that a competent naval force will be sent from Rio Janeiro, with the U. S. ship Decatur, to convey the Minister to Assumption, the capital of Paraguay. The U. S. ship Decatur, with Com. Morris on board, sailed on the 14th of July from Buenos Ayres. There is no other news of interest.

IRON IN PENNSYLVANIA.

Since the passage of the Tariff Bill, and the revival of confidence consequent thereon, the slumbering fires of the iron furnaces in this State have been rekindled, and the business is receiving a new impulse. This is a gratifying fact, for the manufacture is an important item in the wealth of this State. The census shows that the amount of business done in iron in Pennsylvania, we present the returns relating to it from six hundred and forty-seven only out of the hundred and seventy-seven ships of the State. In these there are 104 air and cupola furnaces, 34 forges and blasts, 63 grist mills, 29 saw mills and factories, 17 oxydie and sickle factories, 64 axe and edge tool factories, 2 cutlery factories, 9 factories for the manufacture of anchors, 65 gun factories, 12 rolling and wagon factories, 185 plough factories, sheet iron factories, &c. In these mills and factories, and in those in the townships from which returns have been received, it is estimated that the iron produced, and the additional value given to it by mechanical labor, amounts annually to the handsome sum of *fifty millions of dollars!* The number of hands employed in these establishments is twenty thousand workmen, so that, if the returns could be had from a complete census, there are in Pennsylvania not less than one hundred and twenty thousand persons. The revival of the iron trade is one of great moment to the prosperity of the State.

DARING OUTRAGE.

A daring outrage was lately attempted near Rockwood, Tenn. A man named Gillespie, who is capable of rewardeth left the hotel with intent to plunder the house of one Girard, a Frenchman, living in the village, who was reported to have large amounts of money on hand. From the misdirection which the robbers obtained of some associate residing there, they went to a house occupied by a Mr. Dobbs, instead of Girard, and after fastening ingress, lest the old man and his lodgers in a room, commenced operations to force a confession from them as to where the money was hidden. Nobbs steadily denied having any money in the house, (which was the fact,) but the robbers persisting otherwise, continued to beat the old man until he was almost insensible, when they were alarmed by the entrance of the female part of the household, and fled. Before attempting the flight of the State. In three days after the outrage, Gillespie was arrested, and committed to jail.

DOGS FOR SMUGGLING.

In Belgium they are dogs to smuggle with, and it is computed that no less than eighty thousand of these animals are employed in running contraband goods from the country into France, notwithstanding all the efforts of the douaniers, who have a pressure upon the dead, and each canine contraband. The losses of the smugglers are in France, where they are well fed and kindly treated and their education consists in sending them from home to time into Belgium, where they are nearly starved and severely flogged by men dressed as French Custom House officers, so that they have the instincts in horror. In the canine homeward, take a circuitous route so soon as they catch sight of it. They carry about twelve pounds weight of goods, and naturally enough make all speed home, where they set sure of good treatment on their arrival. Roguery is usually ingenious.

DAGUERREOTYPE IMPROVED.

A Mr. Isenring, a painter, residing at Norwich, Connecticut, has discovered a process whereby, through the Daguerreotype, he can depict all the objects of nature with the brilliancy of their colors so as to lose comparison with the finished productions of the first artists. This is a wonderful improvement. When was Yankee ingenuity?

HORTICULTURAL EXHIBITION.

The annual exhibition of the Pennsylvania Horticultural Society, was thrown open to the public on Wednesday last, at the hall of the Museum in the Chinese Museum. The display was rich and varied. The fruits were arranged along the room on two continuous tables; while flowers were scattered around in the greatest profusion; and a fountain dripped its musical waters in the centre of the room. At no former exhibition did we have such sumptuous and general gratification. Every plants were thronged during the day, but, in the evening, the crowd was intolerable. It would have made an old bachelor crazy for a week, to have seen half the fair faces, or listened to a tithe of the sweet voices there; and for ourselves, we will frankly say, we have not yet got over the impressions made on us, nor forgotten the bright faces that have haunted our dreams ever since.

The specimens of the various fruits, flowers and vegetables would be an almost endless task. We can only refer to a few of the most prominent. Two curious plants—the pitcher plant and the butterfly plant—attracted, perhaps, the most attention. A couple of flowers most elaborately executed—a grotto of the same materials from the gardener of Mr. Norris—a superb vase of roses, dahlias, &c.—and a very elegant pyramid of flowers were among the most beautiful of the artificial floral adornments. The Nahtonian Bee Hive and the Bee Palace of Mr. Oldden Cot, to which the bees are seen at work, attracted every eye. There were also rare and curious plants to admire, contributed from the gardens of John B. Smith, Landreth & Fulton, Philadelphia Alms House, George Pepper, John Sherwood, Robert Buist, Richard Peters, Camden, Alex. Parker, Robert Kilvington, R. Haist, Andrew Mehrling, Carey, Carr, Gen. Patterson and others. The display of grapes from Mr. Biddle's grapery was, as usual, magnificent. Many other individuals contributed specimens of flowers, fruits and vegetables highly creditable.

We cannot do better, however, than give the names of the various premiums to whom premiums were awarded, as well as of the articles which gained the prizes. The following is the report of the various Committees on the subject of the

PREMIUMS AWARDED.

The Committee on Flowers, beg to report that they are agreeably disappointed in the quality as well in quantity of the specimens exhibited at the present display of the Horticultural Society. After the most patient and delicate attention to the numerous duties, they submit the following as follows:

GRAPES—NATIVE.

Isabella, best, to Mr. H. Ogden
do. next, to Thomas Sentry
do. do. to Mr. Richard Peters
Catawba, best, to Mr. Richard Peters
do. next, to C. H. Hart
Elsingburgh, best, to gardener variety, to Mr. H. Browning, Camden

FOREIGN GRAPES—OPEN AIR.

Black or Red Hamburg, to Edwin Middleton
Chasselas, to Thomas Sentry
Black Constantia, none
White Frontignan, to Nathaniel Holland
White Constantia, none
do. Frontignac, none
Black Frontignan, to James Lowe
Best of another variety, to Townsend Holland

FOREIGN GRAPES—UNDER GLASS. HEAT ARTIFICIAL HEAT

Best white Sirian, to A. Thomas, gardener to N. Biddle
Next best black Hamburg, to Robert Kyle.

RAISED UNDER GLASS, BY HEAT

Best St. Peter's, White Muscle of Alexandre, Frankendale, Constantia of the same, Red Hamburg, to Wm. H. Cook, gardener to Nathan Dunn.
Next best white Muscadine and others, to Edward Nasen, gardener to R. F. Field, Princeton.
Best Peaches, not less than one peck, to Jacob Rockhill, Camden.
Next best do do, to John Southerden.
Best Nectarines, to Jacob Rockhill.
Best basket (Tuppercane) to George Thomas, N. J.
Next best, to Townsend Holland.
Best basket Pears, peck to Benj. B. Shuster.
Do better do. to Mr. Chalmers, Jr., gardener to George Pepper.
Best of another variety, none
do Apples, peck contributor unknown
Next best do. do. to Jacob Rockhill.
Best variety Quinces, to Mr. Chalmers, Jr.
Next best do. do. to George B. Durant
Best Watermelons, to Mr. Kyle.
Next best do., 2, to Thomas Mullen, gardener to Mrs. Keen.
Best Nutmeg melons, 1, to Thos. Mullen, gardener to Mrs. Keen.
Best Squashes, 1 pack, to Judge Peters, Belmont.
Best Tomatoes, 1 peck, to Mr. Chalmers, Jr.
Best Cucumbers, 1 peck, to Mr. Chalmers, Jr.
Best Egg Plants, to Mr. Chalmers, Jr.
The Committee also awarded the following Honorary Premiums:
For best Dahlias, to Mr. Chalmers, gardener to Mr. Pemberton, to David Comfort.
For the next best, to Mr. Jacob Engleman.
For the best Dahlias of Vegetables, to Anthony Felton.
For the next best, to Mr. Chalmers, gardener to Mr. Pemberton, to David Comfort.
For the next best Dahlias of Vegetables, to J. Engleman.
For the best Dahlias of Vegetables, to Mr. Chalmers, gardener to Mr. Pemberton.
For the best Honey, W. W. Keen. No. 106 south Third street.
For the next best Honey, J. Lancaster Burlington, N. J.
For the best Honey, Comb, Mr. Chalmers, Jr. to Mr. Pemberton.
Exhibition of the Pennsylvania Horticultural Society, held in Hall, on September, 1842.
Society's premiums awarded to

HONORARY PREMIUMS.

For the best 30 varieties of Dahlias to Mr. George C. Thomas, Jr.
For the next best 30 varieties of Dahlias to Wm. Carroll, gardener to Mr. Peterson.
For the next best 20 varieties of Dahlias to Gerhard Schmitz.
For the best 20 varieties of Dahlias to Wm. Bacon, gardener to Gen. Patterson.
For the best Superbe Seedling Part-colume Dahlias to Gerhard Schmitz.
For the best American Seedling, self-colored Dahlias to Robert Kilvington, Lemon Hill.
For the best Seedling Dahlias grown in Anamore, to Gen. Patterson.
For the next best 10 varieties of Dahlias grown by Anamore, to Gen. Patterson.
For the best and most appropriate design formed of cut flowers, to Mrs. Gen. Patterson.
For the next best and more appropriate design to Joseph Cook, gardener to Wm. Norris Esq. for a very beautiful Vase of Flowers.
For the next best and most appropriate design to Peter Fleming, gardener to W. R. Hamton, Esq. for a very beautiful Basket of Flowers.
For the best pair Fantasma to William Chalmer, to gardener to Mr. Pemberton.
For the next best pair Fantasia to Mrs. McCall Peters.
For the next best Bouquet to Edward Smith, Camden.
For the next best do. to Mrs. Peters.

HONORARY PREMIUMS.

To Archibald Henderson, gardener to Morton Clarkeville Esq. $10 for a large Fancy Design.
To Mr. Jacob Engleman $5 for a design of a Temple.
To Mr. Cook, gardener to Benjamin Rowland Esq. $5 for a very beautiful Flower Pot.
To Mr. Jacob Engleman $5 for a design of a Castle.
To James Pentland $5 for a design of a Spar.
To John Sherwood, $4 for a handsome design of Cut Flowers.
To W. Henry gardener to W. E. Rogers Esq. $4 for a fine Basket of Flowers.
To Mrs. Peters gardener to Dr. Hamilton $3 for a handsome Basket Bouquet.

THOS. C. PORTER, ESQ.,
DR. C. WATSON,
S. SANDERS,
WM. ANDERSON,
ALEX. BUTTON,
Committee.

MUSICAL PRODIGY.

A musical prodigy—quite as astonishing in his way as Master Burke—has made his appearance in London. He is the son of Antonio Robinson, a native of Spain, and only twelve years old. In private parties he has exhibited such powers on the piano forte as to astonish the most experienced. He has also a fine voice, and his performance of his own compositions is said to be of extraordinary excellence.

The Marquis of Lorn is doing duty as Lieutenant of the Coldstream Guards, and had the full costume of their respective class at Edinburgh.

The Queen has left the royal palace at Stone, for Yarmouth Castle.

The Duke of Aosta left on the 31st August, but we find nothing in them of the least importance.

FRANCE.

The French dates are to the 8th. had contrast no intelligence of interest.

The Messenger a Government evening paper, contradicts the report of the Paris and Lyon Railway having been connected in a Company supported by English capitalists.

The Prussian State Gazette officially announces that the King of Prussia, on his visit to St. Petersburg, could not attend Great Camp at Krasnoe-Selo, on account of the infinite egotism of Russia, thereby decreasing the hope that might be formed of the late Russian scheme being the cause of a general war.

The minister of finance declared in August last by the Tribunal of Commerce of Paris amounted to 63, being less than in the preceding month of 1841, and 16 less than on July 1842.

Two hundred persons were liberated from the prison of Clichy on Monday, a portion of the funds raised by the chambers for the celebration of the anniversary of the revolution of July having been employed in paying their debts.

Another soldier of the garrison of Paris was sentenced to death by court martial on Monday, for having struck his corporal.

It would appear that the secret societies in Paris are still cultivating insane projects.

The leading articles of the Paris journals do not possess much interest. Almost the only one deserving of notice is in the Debats, on the ordinance of the King of the Belgians respecting the silks and wines of Germany. Our readers are aware that the Belgian government has been very roughly handled by the gentlemen of the Parisian press, who have expressed their opinions upon the measure in question. The *Debats*, however, has not adopted the same course. This journal excuses the ordinance on the ground of the national desire of the Belgians to obtain new markets for their produce, and recommends that France, instead of showing resentment at this step, set the example by conciliate Germany, should draw closer the bonds of union with Belgium, and make it the interest of that country in all matters of commerce to cling to France. For this purpose the *Debats* advises that the negotiation of 1841 for a customs union between the two countries should be renewed. The Constitutional has an article on the rumor of new propositions having been made for a commercial treaty between England and France. It is worthy in the same strain as that of the *Courrier Francais*, but it is even more remarkable that for the easy with which facts are perverted in order to afford pretext for augmented

Memoir.

Reported Death of the King of Hanover.—[From a correspondent of the Bruckel.]—We have just received the melancholy intelligence of the death of the King of Hanover, from a gentleman who reached London this afternoon direct from Dunscliffe. His Majesty attended a review on Saturday last at that place, and appeared in perfect health during the day; but having taken some refreshments, was suddenly seized with illness, and died either on Saturday night or early on Sunday morning. The cause assigned is, we are sorry to say, a matter of common conversation at College.

HUNGTEN, Aug. 23.—It is said that the marriage of Princess Victoria and Princess Mary of Altenburg will take place in February, next year.

DENMARK.

COPENHAGEN, Sept. 6, 1842.

A report having been generally spread that His Majesty the King of Hanover died on the 12th inst. we have reason to inform you that this is not the fact; but that His Majesty is at present in the enjoyment of perfect health. His Majesty attended a review on Saturday last at that place, and appeared in perfect health during the day; but having taken some refreshments, was suddenly seized with illness, and died either on Saturday night or early on Sunday morning. The cause assigned is, we are sorry to say, a matter of common conversation at College.

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SATURDAY POST.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &c.

$3 per annum—$2 if paid in advance; $1.25 in advance for six months.

Postmasters are requested to *frank* their letters addressed to us. The word "*free*" of itself is not a frank.

Agents will please endorse their letters with their names [illegible].

No letters will not be taken from the Post office unless the postage is paid.

Papers discontinued only at the end of the current half year's subscription, and then only at the option of the Publisher if arrearages are due.

Small Bank Notes of solvent Banks received in payment of our bills.

Agents are earnestly solicited to make quick remittances, without which it is difficult to keep accounts correct. They should always give names and time paid for.

Any person forwarding Ten Dollars current, free of postage, in advance, will be entitled to six copies.

Removals must always state the Post-office removed *from*, as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

The Nut Cracker.

We gave lately an extract from an English work describing the city of Burlington, N. J. Here is another sample of transatlantic knowledge. "*Levees* are bluffs on American rivers, where the slaves congregate to dance their aboriginal dances; at which great quantities of water-melons are drank. *Paw-paws*, a species of large cherry, is used on the Mississippi to feed on animal called *Hoosier*, and the same river abounds with an odd fish called *Sucker*. It is great sport in a town there, called Kentucky, to shoot at the Corn-Crackers, a species of birds that infest the houses. The country, on the whole, is well worth a visit; but we advise a traveller to carry a life preserver, for when the steamboats on the rivers are heavily loaded, and after the passengers have paid their fare, they open a boiler and blow some of the passengers overboard to make room for those they expect to get at the next landing."

Times have changed since our grandmothers spun their own yarn, and were not too proud to knit in company—and we have reaped the consequences in general bankruptcy. We do not know when we have seen this matter set forth better than in the following humble verses:

Custom in 1742.

Man to the plough;
Wife to the cow;
Girl to the yarn;
Boy to the barn;
And your rents will be netted.

1842.

Man tally ho;
Miss piano;
Wife silk and satin;
Boy Greek and Latin;
And you'll all be Gazetted.

We see in the St. Louis papers an announcement of the publication of a volume of poems, under the title of Juda, a Legend of the Lakes, by Lewis F. Thomas, being the first volume of poems ever issued *west* of the Mississippi. Will some one send it on? The following extract from the poem is beautiful.

"Her steps fell light as evening dew;
So softly did she tread the plain.
The flowers that in her pathway grew,
Soon as she passed, rose up again,
As if their heads had only bent,
To pay her homage as she went!"

How true is the following. "A woman may be of great assistance to her husband, in business, by wearing a cheerful smile continually on her countenance. A man's perplexities and gloominess are increased a hundred fold when his better half moves about with a continual scowl upon her brow. A pleasant, cheerful wife, is as a rainbow set in the sky, when her husband's mind is tossed with storms and tempests; but a dissatisfied and fretful wife in the hour of trouble is like one of those fiends who delight to torture lost spirits." This is one of the many fine sayings of Dickens.

Every one ought to get married, if it is true that the mortality of bachelors, from the ages of 30 to 45, is 27 per cent. Of married men of the same ages, 18 per cent. For 41 bachelors, who attain the age of 40, there are 78 married men. The difference is more striking as age advances. At the age of 60 there are but 22 bachelors alive for 48 married men; at 70 years, 11 bachelors to 27 married men; and at 80 years, for 3 bachelors, there are 9 married men. The girls all believe this—don't they?

Our dull friend Parson is too fond of bombast. He reminds us of the Western lawyer. "Gentlemen of the jury," he said, "would you set a rat trap to catch a bear? Would you make fools of yourselves by endeavoring to spear a buffalo with a knitting needle? Or would you attempt to empty out the Mississippi with a gourd? No, gentlemen, I know you would not; then how can you be guilty of the absurdity of finding my client guilty of *man-slaughter* for taking the life of a woman?"

The celebrated vetoes of President Tyler furnish fun for both his friends and foes. One of the best stories we find in a country exchange, and thus runs the tale. A fond father, wishing to form an alliance between his stupid son and a fine young lady of his acquaintance, sent him to her with the following note: "Dear madam, allow me to present my Bill for your acceptance." The lady sent the lad back to his father, with the following reply: "Dear Sir—your Bill is vetoed."

A brother of the quill complains of the scarcity of funds, and says:

"We'll gaily chase dull care away
And banish every sorrow—
Subscribers, pay your debts to-day,
And we'll pay ours to-morrow!"

The author of that has real genius, and no mistake, as Sam Slick says. We hope all editors will sing this song whenever they are knocked down at table.

We once thought Waller and Pinkney wrote fine [illegible]

Army & Navy.

The Navy Department recently issued a most salutary order in regard to commands on shore in the marine corps—an interchange among all officers in the command of stations was to have taken place on the 1st of October, but its operation has been extended to the 15th of November next, at which time it will be rigidly enforced.

Lieutenant Wilkes, the commander of the Exploring Expedition, has been sentenced to a public reprimand, for illegally punishing men in his squadron. The sentence has been approved, and executed by the Secretary of the Navy in a letter to the Lieutenant.

General Gaines has been engaged of late in exploring a route for a military road from Pass Christian to Baton Rouge, under the orders of the General Government.

Orders have been received at the New York Station for the reduction of the spirit rations *one-half*, and the substitution of tea, coffee, sugar, &c., instead of it.

A splendid ball was given on board the U. S. ship Pennsylvania, on Wednesday evening week, [illegible] of the French frigate Siren.

Political Intelligence.

The Raleigh [illegible] of the 23d inst., gives the complete vote for Governor at the late election in North Carolina, as follows:

Morehead, Whig,	36,705
Henry, Democrat,	31,711
Morehead's majority,	4,994

A letter from Washington states [illegible] Fuller, Esq., second assistant Postmaster General, has resigned his commission, to take effect on the [illegible] day of October next. The office is assigned to A. Bryan, Esq., of Columbus, Ohio.

The elections in this State will take place on Tuesday, the 10th October. The New Jersey State Election will take place on the 10th and 11th of October, in Ohio on the 11th, in Georgia on the 3d, and in Maryland on the 5th.

The New York Express mentions a report that Government has received offers for all the 6 per cent. loan which is disposable, at par.

COLD FEET are always an evidence that the blood is encumbered with morbid humors, which not only render the circulation sluggish and unequal, but prevents a proper supply of the vital fluid to the extremities. Hence coldness of the hands and feet, accompanied with headache, giddiness, and many other unpleasant complaints.

Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills, are one of the best preventives in the world against Cold Feet, because they not only cleanse the blood from those impurities which are the cause, but they impart an energy to the circulation which carries it with vigor to every part of the system; consequently the extremities being properly supplied with the vital fluid, receive their due proportion of animal heat, and coldness of the feet, headache, giddiness, palpitation of the heart, and every other symptom of a [illegible]

Our Mail Receipts.

We are daily in the receipt of letters enclosing money with the request to return a receipt by mail. We do not send receipts in that way. Every dollar *received by mail*, for the Post, is acknowledged as below. Subscribers will please notice this.

Subscribers living in the vicinity of a Post Master can call upon him and have their letters containing money *franked*, if the letter contains nothing but what relates to the business of the office. Many hundred dollars might be saved us, if attention was generally paid to this matter.

Receipts for the S. E. Post from the 14th to the 21st September.

September 14, received from

P. Lloyd,	$2 00	R. Allen,	5 00
H. W. Lemig,	2 00	H. A. Jamison	2 00
H. Hansley,	2 00	D. Manley,	4 00
J. Champion,	2 00	D. King,	2 00
J. T. Goulder,	2 00	A. Barnard,	2 00
J. A. Lewis,	2 00	C. Evans,	1 00
H. Reed,	2 00	L. Watts,	7 00
R. A. Matthews	2 00	E. Callahan,	2 00
J. H. Hale	2 00		

[illegible]

GRAHAM'S LADY'S AND GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

A New Volume.—July, 1842.

This work is designed, as its title indicates, for both ladies and gentlemen. It has a corps of writers unequalled in general reputation by those of any periodical in the world. It is printed with new and beautiful type, on paper of the finest texture and quality, and

Its Splendid Embellishments

are unequalled by any which have ever graced the periodical publications in our language. Indeed, in every thing connected with Art, Taste and Beauty, it is universally acknowledged to have *led the way*, and surpassed every competitor of the day. It is intended that in this respect the present volume shall excel all its predecessors; and extensive arrangements have, with that view, been entered into with the most eminent artists, for a profusion of costly illustrations of every description. In the department of

Mezzotint Engravings,

the proprietor has the satisfaction to be able to state that he has made arrangements with Mr. SARTAIN, whose exquisite productions have already added so much to its reputation, by which he will SECURE HIS SPLENDID MEZZOTINTS FOR THIS PERIODICAL ALONE—he being pledged to furnish them to no other publisher without our permission. Next to Mr. SARTAIN, the most accomplished artist in the department of engraving in America, is Mr. SADD, of New York, with whom, to prevent any possibility of disappointment, contracts have also been made; so that we can positively promise A MEZZOTINT PLATE IN EVERY NUMBER. These admirable works will therefore constitute a feature in GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE, in which no competition from other sources will be possible. The Mezzotint Engravings, as every artist is aware, are the most costly which can be furnished for a work with a very large circulation, both from the fact that the cost of printing them is more than twice as great as that of printing the line engravings, and from the necessity of producing new plates,—our edition compelling us to have five plates of the one used in any number. Of our last volume we issued a larger impression than was published by any other periodical; and of the present we print an edition unequalled in the history of periodicals—

More than 50,000 Copies per Month!

We have also entered into a permanent agreement with the celebrated engravers, RAWDON, WRIGHT & HATCH, and A. L. DICK, GIMBREDE, JACKMAN, JONES and others, of New York; and WELSH, WALTERS, TUCKER and others, of Boston, for a series of

Splendid Steel Engravings,

to be furnished in a style unequalled by any that have yet appeared in America. The wide spread fame of these artists is a sufficient guarantee for the character of the works we shall receive from them. With such an organization, we shall in embellishments, [illegible] a PATTERN FOR OTHERS TO FOLLOW in the way of liberal and judicious expenditure, and [illegible] the history of magazine publishing in this [illegible]

Elegant Embossed Work.

Arrangements have also been made with that accomplished [illegible] Esq. for a full supply of tasteful EMBROIDERY WORK, BIRDS, FLOWERS, AND [illegible] COLORED IN THE MOST FINISHED STYLE. [illegible]

Gems from the Poets.

ISABEL.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

As the leaf upon the tree
Trembles constitutionally,
Such a light-minded thing was she.
My pay out gentle Isabel!
Her heart was full with love-springs sweet,
And in her face you'd see it beat
To hear the sound of welcome feet.—
And were our mate so, Isabel?

She knew it not: she had one like.
And like a nonchalaun was her hair,
That like a burnt flowing cypress are
In summer evening, Isabel!
Her hand was small, her voice coarse sport,
Unchingly her lips would part,
And love came gushing from her heart,
The woman's heart of Isabel!

So pure her flesh-garb, and like dew,
That in her bosom glimmered through
Each working of her quiet true,
A sunbeam struggling through dark leaves,
A reaper's song, and yellow sheaves
Less gladsome were:—my spirit grieves
To think of thee, mild Isabel!

I knew not when I loved thee first;
Not loving, I had been accurst,
Yet, having loved, my heart will burst,
Unless it have thee, dear Isabel!
With silent tears my cheeks are wet,
My lips are pale, my eyes are set,
For thy blue ones on me are met,
When none have risen, Isabel!

The worst aspect for thee, Isabel,
The worst aspect for thee is hell,
The entire agony from well,
And I for thy sake, Isabel!
The sunniest ones how lovely now
Thou whom, leaf-cheekered, on the brow
They fell in beauty at the plow,
Lingered in till noon-tide, Isabel!

As fond of night I seem to me
As fair pale features, constantly
Present in silent prayer for me,
Our merciless clasped hands, Isabel!
I call thee:—close fast our reply!
The stars gleam coldly on those eye.
Ah! look not so reproachfully,
And love it no weeping, Isabel!

Lever's New Novel.

OUR MESS.

By Jack Hinton, the Guardsman.

CHAPTER XL.
THE MILITARY SPIRIT.

The candles were burning brightly, and the cheerful log fire was blazing on the hearth, as I drew near the window of the cottage; but not a sound was no one in the room. The little tea kettle was hissing on the hob, and the room had all that cordial look of watchful attention bestowed upon it that showed the soul of his little household.

Uncertain how I should meet him—how he explain the affection that had fallen on me—I waited for some time up and down before the door; at length I wondered the top knock at the door, and the third was answered at the shadow of the chimney, and I could only trace the outline of his figure against the blaze. I was not long, however, in doubt as to his identity.

"Beauregard, then you're a great traveler!" said Paddy, the priest's man, addressing the new comer.

A long whiff of smoke, patiently emitted, and a polite wave of the head in answer, was the reply.

"And how far did you come to-day, as I might be so bold?" said Paddy.

"From the cross of Kilternan, beyond Gortmore, my darling; and sure it is a real pleasure and delight to come so far to see so pretty a creature as yourself"—there Paddy looked a little sour out, and Beauregard a word of encouragement—"for, continued the other, breaking into a song—

"Through I love a fin in a covert to find,
Where the cream is the rich, and the grass is the wind;
Fair, a pretty girl is more to my mind
Than the light of a morning in spring."

I need scarcely say that the finale of the ballad was given in a way that only Tipperary could produce, so he was called.

"And just show one with me, my lad," says Paddy, "and I won't say no."

Who'd smile too tempt—so he, we, he, tally-ho!"

"And that's yourself, Beauregard, in a tone of evident fun; "I'll tell you what, Paddy, you're a fool, and you'll be worse, if you don't mind him as they were you might be worse."

"Don't the young man," said Mary, softening a little at the encouragement a little pleasure in the prospect of a morning's hunting, "and I'll be the first to shake hands, as I'm sure you're a decent boy, that's what I'm doing; but I wonder you're keeping the captain—I've a letter here for him, I know might to have sent me duty—all the way from Gortmore miles over Mey'nacurraghew mountain to have come with it."

I opened the door as I heard this, and entered the kitchen.

"Harrow! by the mortlet," cried Joe, with one of his wild shouts, "it's himself, himself, Jack, here's a sight let your skin for!"

"Well, sir, my dear fellow, I am delighted to see you safe and sound once more. Many a day have I approached myself for the way you would call for my aid, and for the manner I left you."

"There's only one thing you have any reason to grieve over," said the poor fellow, as the tears started in his eyes, and rolled in heavy drops down his cheeks, "and here it is."

In he broke. So down from an unsteady gait on his knees, half fitted with gold.

"Oh, captain, jewel, why wouldn't you let a poor fellow taste happiness with you? Is it because I has no shoes on me that I hadn't any pride in my heart? and is it because I wasn't rich that you wouldn't let me be found to you, and to myself above all? Oh, little as we know of grand people and their ways, truth, they're not the same as we feel at home, and I hated you'd be ashamed of me, and wouldn't do me so much honor."

He dropped his head as he spoke, and his arm fell lonely to his side, while he stood mute and sorrow-struck before me.

"Come, Joe," said I, holding out my hand to him—"come, Joe forgive me. If I don't know you now knows me not, I'm sure you are."

The words seemed to act like a spell upon him; he stood gazing up, and his eyes fastened with their widest glare, while, seizing my hand, he pressed it to his lips, and called out—

"While there's a drop in my heart, darlin'—"

"You have a letter for me," said I, glad to turn the channel of both our thoughts. "Where did you get it?"

"At the Curragh, sir," said the man, recalling himself to the scaff, among all the grand generals and the quality, near the lord himself, and I hated one of the officers to bring it."

"If I knew whom to write to him, I'd certainly do so, but he has not written to any of us since he left Dublin."

"Ah," said mother, "Hinton's an odd fellow that way."

"The most I heard the name," up and said to him: "Write the letter, and I'll bring it, and bring you an answer beside, or so want it."

"And who the devil are you?" said he.

"Paddy, and I, there's more on this matter than knows me yourself, for as yet."

"Paddy, and I, there's more on this matter than knows me yourself, for as yet." And they all began laughing at Paddy for the offense gone naughty out in the face, and was angry—and what he was going to say it's hard to tell, for just then Lord Clanricarde called out—

"Here's Tipperary Joe himself, begad, every one knows him. Here, Joe, I see you've had a three-cross race meeting at the Lough."

"Past pay day," says I, and two shillings to the back of it, for Lanty Clannch's mare that I lined to bring you home when you stuck that time, you never paid it since. And then there was another line—I've lost count of all was, he took a lot of a note when he'd see on home with a pound, and keen in it."

So saying, he produced a small crumpled piece of paper, which I could with some difficulty trace the following lines—

"DEAR JACK—If the fool who bears this ever arrive with it, come back at once. Your friends in England have been mad on the Derby. I've commissioned you to do duty; and there are stories afloat about your nonattendance that your presence here can alone contradict.

"Yours, J. HOSTAN."

It needed not a second for me to make up my mind as to my future course, and I said—

"How can I reach Limerick the shortest way?"

"I know a short cut," said Joe, "and if we could get a pony I'd bring you over the mountains before to-morrow evening at the height."

"And you," said I—"how are you to go?"

"Oh my feet to be sure, how else would I go?"

Despairing that I could ever succeed in my search of a pony to carry me over the mountains, I walked into the little parlor which I was now about to take my leave of forever.

It was only then, when I threw myself upon a seat, alone and to reckonize, that I felt the full force of all my misfortunes. Here was I, without a friend or a shilling in the world, and the blank, black prospect of life before me. To Sharon Bellew's letter I had no reply to make. I knew the nursery to contain no bad law to counsel for me, and I had only thoughts for my own difficulties, and a deep burning spot glowed on my cheek as I remembered my subversive with Clark Burke, and I spurred to my legs, and for a second or two felt undecided whether I would not give him the opportunity he so longed for. It was but a second, and my better reason came back, and I blushed even deeper still, shame that I had done with passion.

A Calming myself with a mighty effort, I endeavored to pass a few hours to my worthy and kind friend, Father Luther. I dared not tell him the real cause of my departure, though indeed I guessed from his absence that he had accompanied the Bellews, and but simply spoke of my return to duty as imperative, and my regret that after such proofs of his friendship I could not stake his future welfare. The continued flurry of my feelings doubtless made this a very confused and incoherent document; but I could do no better. In fact, the conviction I had long been laboring under, but never could thoroughly understand, broke on me at the moment. It was this: the sudden vicissitudes of every-day life in Ireland are sadly opposed to our English nature and habits of thought and action. Those changes from grave to gay—those outbreaks of wild excitement—those passages of dark reflective traits of brooding thought—those noble impulses of good—those evasts of more than eagle boldness—demand a changelul, even a forgetful temperament to bear them; and while the Irishman rises or falls with every emergency of his fate, with an impetuous nature making deeper and deeper into our hearts, and we become sad and thoughtful, and prematurely old. Thus at least did I feel, and seemed to myself as though very many years had passed over me since I had left my father's house. The tramp of feet, and the sounds of speaking and laughter outside, interrupted my musings, and I heard my friend Joe caroling at the top of his voice—

"Be I've become a high-bred steed,
And the horsemen one that was broken-kneed,
And Father Fits had a wity weed,
With his lefty hi-lo in the morning."

"Faith and you're a great beast entirely, and one might deter a jig on your back, and leave room for the piper besides."

I opened the window, and in the bright moonlight beheld the party landing up a short rugged-looking pony, whose breadth of beam and square proportions fully justified all Joe's encomiums.

"Have you bought this pony for me, Joe?" cried I.

"No, sir, only borrowed him. He'll take you up to Whitley's mills, where we'll get Andy's mare to-morrow morning."

"Borrowed him?"

"Yes."

"Where's his owner?"

"He's in bed, where he ought to be. I told him through the door who it was for, and that he needn't get up, as I'd find the keeps of the pony at the door, and so I did."

"And him who it was for? Why, he never heard of me in his life."

"Devil mare care; sure you're the priest's friend, and who better warrant for every thing in the place? Don't you know the song—

"And Father Fits had seven sons we sleep,
And the devil a son or pig to keep,
And they lived in clover in close or sleep
Yes, I'd never feel ill morning."

For Molly, sure he, I'll be free.
I've only one counsel in goss to you
Is to marry a wife with a fortune in her town."

For I've a friend of mine,

By the rock of Cashel, it 'us' be a hard case as the priest was to want. Look how the cold saddle fits him—hair, ye'd think he was made for it."

I am not quite sure that I felt all Joe's enthusiasm for the beast's perfections; but after did the old yeomanry "de-nic-pace," with its brass mountings and holsters, incense me with a feeling of pleasure. However, to leave a spot where all my recollections were now turned to shame and disappointment, I packed my few traps, and was soon ready for the road.

It was not without a gulping feeling in my throat, and a kind of suffocating oppression at my heart, that I bade farewell to the little cottage, in happier times, I had spent so many pleasant hours, and bidding a last adieu to the priest, who had come back from his visit to Father Tom how and I felt at leaving before he returned. With Joe, who held the bridle, descended the hill, and soon reached the high road, where Paddy awaited us, and the steep glen through which our journey lay.

CHAPTER XLI.
TIPPERARY JOE.

I have already mentioned Joe's extraordinary powers; and certainly they were exercised on my behalf from with a consummate ability, which, without such a suggestion for him to speak—nothing was more probable, perceiving that some mystery attending me and my sudden appearance, and attaching me—none of son and legend without connection—but Joe—now by narrating in his simple but graphic way some of the most striking incidents of his own life, and the third my house of the shadow of the chimney, and I could only trace the outline of his figure against the blaze. I was not long, however, in doubt as to his identity.

"Beauregard, then you're a great traveler!" said Paddy, the priest's man, addressing the new comer.

A long whiff of smoke, patiently emitted, and a polite wave of the head in answer, was the reply.

"And how far did you come to-day, as I might be so bold?" said Paddy.

"From the cross of Kilternan, beyond Gortmore, my darling; and sure it is a real pleasure and delight to come so far to see so pretty a creature as yourself"—there Paddy looked a little sour out, and Beauregard a word of encouragement—"for, continued the other, breaking into a song—

"Through I love a fin in a covert to find,
Where the cream is the rich, and the grass is the wind;
Fair, a pretty girl is more to my mind
Than the light of a morning in spring."

I need scarcely say that the finale of the ballad was given in a way that only Tipperary could produce, so he was called.

"And just show one with me, my lad," says Paddy, "and I won't say no."

Who'd smile too tempt—so he, we, he, tally-ho!"

"And that's yourself, Beauregard, in a tone of evident fun; "I'll tell you what, Paddy, you're a fool, and you'll be worse, if you don't mind him as they were you might be worse."

"Don't the young man," said Mary, softening a little at the encouragement a little pleasure in the prospect of a morning's hunting, and "I'll be the first to shake hands, as I'm sure you're a decent boy, that's what I'm doing; but I wonder you're keeping the captain—I've a letter here for him, I know might to have sent me duty—all the way from Gortmore miles over Mey'nacurraghew mountain to have come with it."

I opened the door as I heard this, and entered the kitchen.

"Harrow! by the mortlet," cried Joe, with one of his wild shouts, "it's himself, himself, Jack, here's a sight let your skin for!"

"Well, sir, my dear fellow, I am delighted to see you safe and sound once more. Many a day have I approached myself for the way you would call for my aid, and for the manner I left you."

"There's only one thing you have any reason to grieve over," said the poor fellow, as the tears started in his eyes, and rolled in heavy drops down his cheeks, "and here it is."

In he broke. So down from an unsteady gait on his knees, half fitted with gold.

"Oh, captain, jewel, why wouldn't you let a poor fellow taste happiness with you? Is it because I has no shoes on me that I hadn't any pride in my heart? and is it because I wasn't rich that you wouldn't let me be found to you, and to myself above all? Oh, little as we know of grand people and their ways, truth, they're not the same as we feel at home, and I hated you'd be ashamed of me, and wouldn't do me so much honor."

He dropped his head as he spoke, and his arm fell lonely to his side, while he stood mute and sorrow-struck before me.

"Come, Joe," said I, holding out my hand to him—"come, Joe forgive me. If I don't know you now knows me not, I'm sure you are."

The words seemed to act like a spell upon him; he stood gazing up, and his eyes fastened with their widest glare, while, seizing my hand, he pressed it to his lips, and called out—

"While there's a drop in my heart, darlin'—"

"You have a letter for me," said I, glad to turn the channel of both our thoughts. "Where did you get it?"

"At the Curragh, sir," said the man, recalling himself to the scaff, among all the grand generals and the quality, near the lord himself, and I hated one of the officers to bring it."

"If I knew whom to write to him, I'd certainly do so, but he has not written to any of us since he left Dublin."

"Ah," said mother, "Hinton's an odd fellow that way."

"The most I heard the name," up and said to him: "Write the letter, and I'll bring it, and bring you an answer beside, or so want it."

"And who the devil are you?" said he.

"Paddy, and I, there's more on this matter than knows me yourself, for as yet."

"Paddy, and I, there's more on this matter than knows me yourself, for as yet." And they all began laughing at Paddy for the offense gone naughty out in the face, and was angry—and what he was going to say it's hard to tell, for just then Lord Clanricarde called out—

"Here's Tipperary Joe himself, begad, every one knows him. Here, Joe, I see you've had a three-cross race meeting at the Lough."

"Past pay day," says I, and two shillings to the back of it, for Lanty Clannch's mare that I lined to bring you home when you stuck that time, you never paid it since. And then there was another line—I've lost count of all was, he took a lot of a note when he'd see on home with a pound, and keen in it."

So saying, he produced a small crumpled piece of paper, which I could with some difficulty trace the following lines—

"DEAR JACK—If the fool who bears this ever arrive with it, come back at once. Your friends in England have been mad on the Derby. I've commissioned you to do duty; and there are stories afloat about your nonattendance that your presence here can alone contradict.

"Yours, J. HOSTAN."

It needed not a second for me to make up my mind as to my future course, and I said—

"How can I reach Limerick the shortest way?"

"I know a short cut," said Joe, "and if we could get a pony I'd bring you over the mountains before to-morrow evening at the height."

"And you," said I—"how are you to go?"

"Oh my feet to be sure, how else would I go?"

Despairing that I could ever succeed in my search of a pony to carry me over the mountains, I walked into the little parlor which I was now about to take my leave of forever.

It was only then, when I threw myself upon a seat, alone and to reckonize, that I felt the full force of all my misfortunes. Here was I, without a friend or a shilling in the world, and the blank, black prospect of life before me. To Sharon Bellew's letter I had no reply to make. I knew the nursery to contain no bad law to counsel for me, and I had only thoughts for my own difficulties, and a deep burning spot glowed on my cheek as I remembered my subversive with Clark Burke, and I spurred to my legs, and for a second or two felt undecided whether I would not give him the opportunity he so longed for. It was but a second, and my better reason came back, and I blushed even deeper still, shame that I had done with passion.

A Calming myself with a mighty effort, I endeavored to pass a few hours to my worthy and kind friend, Father Luther. I dared not tell him the real cause of my departure, though indeed I guessed from his absence that he had accompanied the Bellews, and but simply spoke

of my return to duty as imperative, and my regret that after such proofs of his friendship I could not stake his future welfare. The continued flurry of my feelings doubtless made this a very confused and incoherent document; but I could do no better. In fact, the conviction I had long been laboring under, but never could thoroughly understand, broke on me at the moment. It was this: the sudden vicissitudes of every-day life in Ireland are sadly opposed to our English nature and habits of thought and action. Those changes from grave to gay—those outbreaks of wild excitement—those passages of dark reflective traits of brooding thought—those noble impulses of good—those evasts of more than eagle boldness—demand a changelul, even a forgetful temperament to bear them; and while the Irishman rises or falls with every emergency of his fate, with an impetuous nature making deeper and deeper into our hearts, and we become sad and thoughtful, and prematurely old. Thus at least did I feel, and seemed to myself as though very many years had passed over me since I had left my father's house. The tramp of feet, and the sounds of speaking and laughter outside, interrupted my musings, and I heard my friend Joe caroling at the top of his voice—

"Be I've become a high-bred steed,
And the horsemen one that was broken-kneed,
And Father Fits had a wity weed,
With his lefty hi-lo in the morning."

"Faith and you're a great beast entirely, and one might deter a jig on your back, and leave room for the piper besides."

I opened the window, and in the bright moonlight beheld the party landing up a short rugged-looking pony, whose breadth of beam and square proportions fully justified all Joe's encomiums.

"Have you bought this pony for me, Joe?" cried I.

"No, sir, only borrowed him. He'll take you up to Whitley's mills, where we'll get Andy's mare to-morrow morning."

"Borrowed him?"

"Yes."

"Where's his owner?"

"He's in bed, where he ought to be. I told him through the door who it was for, and that he needn't get up, as I'd find the keeps of the pony at the door, and so I did."

"And him who it was for? Why, he never heard of me in his life."

"Devil mare care; sure you're the priest's friend, and who better warrant for every thing in the place? Don't you know the song—

"And Father Fits had seven sons we sleep,
And the devil a son or pig to keep,
And they lived in clover in close or sleep
Yes, I'd never feel ill morning."

For Molly, sure he, I'll be free.
I've only one counsel in goss to you
Is to marry a wife with a fortune in her town."

For I've a friend of mine,

By the rock of Cashel, it 'us' be a hard case as the priest was to want. Look how the cold saddle fits him—hair, ye'd think he was made for it."

I am not quite sure that I felt all Joe's enthusiasm for the beast's perfections; but after did the old yeomanry "de-nic-pace," with its brass mountings and holsters, incense me with a feeling of pleasure. However, to leave a spot where all my recollections were now turned to shame and disappointment, I packed my few traps, and was soon ready for the road.

It was not without a gulping feeling in my throat, and a kind of suffocating oppression at my heart, that I bade farewell to the little cottage, in happier times, I had spent so many pleasant hours, and bidding a last adieu to the priest, who had come back from his visit to Father Tom how and I felt at leaving before he returned. With Joe, who held the bridle, descended the hill, and soon reached the high road, while my little guide that narrowed along the steep glen through which our journey lay.

CHAPTER XLII.
THE RISE DEAD.

Joe was right, the mill was not at work, for "Andy" had been commanded to Ennis, where the sasizes were then going forward. The mare which had formed part of our calculations was also absent; and we sat down in the little porch to hold a council of war as to our future proceedings. After canvassing the question for some time, I was left me for a few minutes, and returned with the information that the high road to Ennis lay only a couple of miles distant, and that a coach—one which pass there in about two hours, by which I could reach the town that evening. It was therefore decided that we should return with the pony to Kilternan; and while I, having procured a gossoon to carry my baggage, made the best of our way towards the Ennis road.

Joe soon found me an urchin to succeed him as my guide and companion, and with a affectionate leave taking, and a faithful promise to meet me sometime and somewhere, he left me.

So long as I had journeyed along beside my poor, half-witted fellower, the strange and fickle features of his wandering intellect had somehow interrupted the channel of my own reflections, and left me no room for reflection on my changed fortunes. Now, however, my journey of solitude, till the coach should pass, and the darkened-up current, and my blighted hopes threw a dark shade over all my future prospects. What could I do? what became of me? why did I hasten hither and thither? Was there any motive for it? Was there a charm, or had misfortune its terror for me. There seemed to be a dreadful sense of unconcernable in the fate of those duties, which in all the heretofore exhilaration of life I had looked upon as something most momentous. No: rather let me seek for some employment on active service, and I would not care how dangerous it might be. Bellew. My mother thought of what a noble part had all his son—to whom I owed so much—had performed, and how he was to all the excesses of fortune—all the vicissitudes of life—he had shown himself equal to the seductions! The secret he alluded to, what could it be? Had he discovered that some relative of mine was ill—ruined—had no one to—

Thus I mused and mused along the path that wandered toward the high road, while my little guide, with the instinct of his race, never spoke to me, who, with none of this world's goods, had so much on his heart to repine at.

We at last reached the road, which, dusty and deserted, skirted the side of a brisk mountain for miles—a wild, bleak road, with a few stunted trees and wheel-track to mark the course of any one having passed there. I had not walked that some time, when, on hour, when I heard the tramp of horses and the roll which announced that it was a traveling carriage. I stood ahead of dust, through which a pair of leaders were alone visible, coming on at a furious pace. I was not long in resolved to await its coming, my little gossoon beside me, and I stood in the middle of the road, waving my hat, and once more my thoughts returned to their well-worn course—they are thrilling incidents in the life of a man, when, after suddenly awakened me, and I replied by something of the same kind, and the carriage, with its four horses, thundered by, with a wave of her jewelled hand.

"Michael, get down. Only think of meeting you here, my dear fellow!"

I stammered out some explanation about a cross-road and the mountain, to which the stage and one down the mouth Ennis, while the mahogany termination of our interview was, and mother's supernatural faith in the supernatural in my mind, and made me confused and unintelligible. Mrs. Paul, however, had evidently no suspicion in such feelings, but welcomed me with her wonted cordiality, and when I had explained all the circumstances of my friend, if she had not forgotten, she had certainly forgotten all about it.

"And so you are going to Ennis?" said she, as I finished my story. "Well, I'm sure Michael will be glad to have company for part of the way, for I'm sure he must be terribly perplexed as though the amiable lady had been naturally perplexed as though the amiable lady had been naturally perplexed as though the amiable lady had been naturally

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JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT,

This Invaluable Medicine is daily effecting some of the most astonishing and wonderful cures that have ever been known in the history of Medicine. Diseases that Long of Blood, Bronchial Coughs, Chronic Asthma, Chronic Pleurisy, Hoarseness, Pain and Weakness in the Breast, Difficulty of Breathing and many other diseases of the LUNGS and BREAST are said to be relieved in an INCREDIBLE SHORT TIME by the use of this Expectorant. It is also unrivalled as a preventive when taken for incipient CONSUMPTION, as already cured by it. That severe symptom Tickling Cough, Difficulty of Breathing, Asthma, Hoarseness, Difficulty of Breathing, Asthma, Hoarseness, Pain in the Breast, Pleurisy, Inflammation of the Lungs, &c. It is no inflammation of the fine vibs which line the cavities of the whole of the small tubes or air passages, which are brought on by Colds, Coughs, &c. The Expectorant cannot be too much recommended for Coughs, Colds, Inflammation, Fever and Ague, Difficulty Breathing, and produces free and easy Expectoration, and a cure is soon effected.

It always cures ASTHMA—two or three large doses will cure the worst case. It relieves Whooping Cough of its severity in an hour's time. It immediately subdues the violence of Hive Whooping Cough, and effects a speedy cure. Numbers who have been afflicted for years with these pulmonary complaints, and CONSUMPTION by the same, cannot be more thankful for the benefits of this Expectorant than they are grateful for the kindness and attention of those who recommended it to them.

JONATHAN GOING, D. D., *President of Granville College, Ohio, says*, "he was laboring under a severe cold, cough and hoarseness, and that his difficulty of breathing was so great that he felt himself in imminent danger of immediate suffocation. Mrs. Going, who had been afflicted with Asthma for many years, of Dedham, N. J., was cured of Asthma of twenty years standing, by using two bottles of this medicine. Mrs. Wood, a young lady, now of Salem, who was considered by her friends to be far gone with Consumption, was perfectly restored to her friends by the use of this Expectorant. Dr. Hamilton, of St. James, South Carolina, was greatly relieved by a cough, hoarseness and soreness of the throat, and on using a bottle of this medicine found permanent relief.

ASTHMA CURED BY DR JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT.—Miss Mary Clough, of New Haven, Fayette county, has been cured of a severe Asthma of many years standing, by the use of Dr. Jayne's Expectorant. She commenced taking the medicine last summer, and after using eleven bottles, was entirely rid of this distressing disease. We are informed of this cure by a lady of undoubted veracity, and consented to make it public for the benefit of others.—*Mount Pleasant (Pa.) Inquirer.*

JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT.—We esteem it a pleasure to be able to recommend this medicine, as the best calculated for the purpose of curing coughs, colds, sore throat, asthma, and all pulmonary affections, that we have ever met with. We are acquainted with Dr. Jayne, we know that he is a worthy man, and his statements are not mistruths of the modern era as but are the result of his long experience as a physician, chemist and the exercise of great labor.—*Hartford (Conn.) Daily Herald.*

JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT.—The virtues of this efficacious and cheap medicine, for the cure of pulmonary complaints, are well known. Very many have been saved by it.—*N. Y. Morning Star.*

From the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

VALUABLE MEDICINE.—We do not wish to commend useless medicines at the expense of another, but we cannot forbear to notice the "Carminative Balsam," and the "Expectorant" prepared by Dr. Jayne, of South Third street, in this city. We have both, and to give relief in cases of Coughs, Colds, &c., they have never failed. They are invaluable in a family of children.

JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT FOR COUGHS, COLDS, &c.—So many people are afflicted with these complaints every day in the year, that a medicine which is known to relieve or cure readily in a majority of cases, which we have reason to believe Jayne's EXPECTORANT is a very valuable one, we have from time to time lately used with good effect in curing a cough, and consuming and breaking up a cold. It is a very agreeable medicine to take, and we believe is perfectly safe in all cases where it is necessary. And we feel that we are doing a public favor to our readers in these days of cheating, then to recommend them to what tried, effected remedies, especially those we have tried ourselves.

DANIEL HASKELL,
Editor of the "Lock Haven" Press.

From the Rev. A. B. Hamblin.

PHOENIX, N., March 19th, 1841.

Your Medicines have been in much demand and have given universal satisfaction. I have myself derived much benefit from the use of your Balsam and that of my eldest daughter, who has been afflicted from childhood with the Asthma to such a degree as nearly to suffocate her during the paroxysm which returned about once a week, has been to all appearance permanently cured.

A. B. HAMBLIN.

ORANGE, N. Y., July 27th, 1841.

Dear Sir.—We want some more of your medicines, particularly the Expectorant, which gives universal satisfaction.

Respectfully yours,

Dr. D. JAYNE. GARDNER & WILLIAMS.

KINDERHOOK, N. Y., May 26, 1841.

Dr Jayne, Dear Sir,

Your Expectorant is in great demand and sells well and is very popular. Your Vermifuge is very much used, as also your Panacea Pills. Yours &c. EDWARD CRANE.

Prepared only by Dr D. JAYNE, No. 26 SOUTH THIRD STREET, Philadelphia. jy 8 3m

NO EXCUSE FOR A BALD HEAD.

When the important discovery of DR. JAYNE'S HAIR TONIC stands for sale at the above premises for less than fifteen off of it already bald, may with confidence have his head restored again by a healthy and permanent growth of hair. Price only 50 cents per bottle.

Proof of this without perhaps the following testimonials, which, in addition to hands in all others equally respectable, should remove the doubts of a reasonable mind.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 27, 1841.

Dr. D. Jayne.—Dear Sir—I cannot say my hair is restored but I can say that it appears to be in a rapid process of restoration; that it is not diminished by removal. I was not troubled the first bottle before a decided change was manifest over the head, and now, after the use of the second bottle, I have a fine new glossy hair, much like that of an infant's unpowdered head, has continued to increase and I have had it cut this or three times since I commenced using your remedy, and I have not have been in a state of high excitement to induce the Tonic from the first, and feels that none I experienced the effect as so promptly as when it otherwise would have been.

I began the use of the Tonic with little or no faith that it would ever be restored to more than a little down on the head, but I have since found the effect. You are at liberty to use my name in any way you may think proper which will bring the benefit of my experience to the afflicted.

Yours, &c. [illegible]

Professor in Hamilton Literary and Theological Seminary Madison county, N. Y.

From the Commercial, N. Y. Whig.

Some time since I called on Mr. D. Nason, of Sacramento street, for Dr. Jayne's celebrated HAIR TONIC, to restore my head which was then falling out fast. I purchased one bottle, and applied it according to the directions. When the bottle was half gone, I found that my hair had ceased falling out, and that a fine down was springing up all over my head. I therefore purchased another, and on the 1st June, 1841, I had two fine bottles, and now, in consequence, my hair is as thick as ever.

And what is more surprising, my baldness was not occasioned by sickness, in which case there is greater hope of restoration, but was accidental.

April 24, 1841. Jas. G. Rogers, Mercantile Marine, Mount Hope Reformed Ch., N. J.

JAYNE'S HAIR TONIC.—After giving this article a fair trial, we do unhesitatingly proclaim it to be what it professes—the best tonic, mildest and efficacious ever for the restoration and preservation of the human hair. We know of many cases where it has been used for a short time, and where the hair has been kept from falling out, and the result has caused the greatest satisfaction. Call the 'Old Dr. Hall' was EXACTING hand entirely. I therefore purchased another, and on the 1st I had two fine bottles, and now, in consequence, my hair is as thick as ever.

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PHILADELPHIA, May 10, 1839.

Dr Jayne.—Dear Sir—I feel that I can justly say unsolicited by you, that your Hair Tonic has fully answered the purpose intended. I have used it in my family for some time, and have always found it to be a most valuable remedy for the hair, and I have no hesitation in saying that it is the best article I have ever used. I have also used it in my own case, and have found it to be a most valuable remedy for the hair, and I have no hesitation in saying that it is the best article I have ever used. I have also used it in my own case, and have found it to be a most valuable remedy for the hair, and I have no hesitation in saying that it is the best article I have ever used. I have also used it in my own case, and have found it to be a most valuable remedy for the hair, and I have no hesitation in saying that it is the best article I have ever used.

Respectfully yours, P. S. FOOS, M. D.
No. 25 Crowfield street.

HARRISBURGH, N. J., Feb. 12, 1839.

Dr D Jayne.—Sir—I take great pleasure in informing you that the bottle of Hair Tonic which I obtained of you last Dec. for a long time been worthless and gone. But from three applications past it had no effect, but, and my head had become almost entirely bald. I was under the necessity of commencing the hair tonic, by rubbing the hair on the side once a day. But now, after the use of the first bottle, I have a fine head of hair, and my grandchildren say I look young.

Yours, &c. ELIAS FARR.

Late Pastor Second Church at Harrisburgh, N. J.

Prepared only by Dr. D. JAYNE, No. 26 SOUTH THIRD STREET, Philadelphia. jy 8 3m

DR. JAYNE'S CARMINATIVE BALSAM—This is one of the most efficient, pleasant and safe compounds ever offered to the public for the cure of the various derangements of the Stomach and Bowels, for the only article that can be relied on in the cure of CHOLERA MORBUS, DYSENTERY, or SUMMER COMPLAINT, and to the taste and is having eminent it really acts like a charm.

Dysentery, Diarrhœa, or Looseness, Cholera Morbus, Summer Complaint, Colic, Sick Stomach, Pain, Sour Stomach, Sick and Nervous Headache, Pain in the Bowels, Cramp in the Stomach, Vomiting, Spitting up of Food after Eating, and also when it cannot be kept down, are relieved. When taken in time, it will prevent Cholera, Cholera Infantum, Summer Complaint, Dysentery, Diarrhœa, Looseness, Sick

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Notices of New Works.

☞ THE LADY'S WORLD OF FASHION, *for October*, has been *organ* table for some time, awaiting a notice. This popular periodical, for this month, is unusually excellent. One of Arthur's most pathetic and truthful necessities, entitled "The Beggar's Petition," and the October Fashions, handsomely colored, and confusing no less than six splendid steel engravings, form the embellishments. The report of the fashions is unusually full, novel and accurate. The contents are as follows: Fashions for October, (illustrated): The Beggar's Petition, (illustrated): The Convert's Fate; Sonnets of Milton: True Love, by Ellen Asterton; The Brothers: The Rival Artists: The Fatal Nuptials, by M. Davenport: Lines: The Cantiniere Maid, by H. Bowles: A Remembered Scene, by E. J. Porter: Enjoyment: Poetry: The Fashion Gazetteer, by H. Symmes: To C——: Stanzas, by J. Tomlin: The Young Member, by Mrs. M. V. Spencer; Moonlight, by E. G. Mathews: Reminiscences, by S. D. Anderson: The Mysterious Robber, by Benjamin Hamilton: Evening, by Joseph H. Butler; A Sketch of the Power of Will, by Henry J. Gardner.

TO A SUMMARY of notices of the press, we take the following:

LADY'S WORLD OF FASHION.—This very elegant monthly for October, has been placed upon our table by Mr. Wm. Taylor, No. 12 North street. It is published with the "Boston Notion," a clever sheet enough, and a plate of the latest fashions. The literary contents are of a select order. We conceive it to the reader.—*Baltimore Patriot.*

THE LADY'S WORLD OF FASHION, *for October*, has appeared, and is filled with original tales and poetry, from writers of distinction. This month's number is handsomely embellished with a beautiful engraving of the Beggar's Petition, and a plate of the fashions, with a full description of the latter.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

THE LADY'S WORLD OF FASHION, *for October*, is a splendid number of a splendid literary institution of "The Beggar's Petition," one of the neatest engravings we have yet seen in any of the magazines. The Fashions, a department in which this magazine excels, are splendidly got up. The plate, containing half a dozen figures, is very neatly colored, and all the fashions are the latest London and Paris. The literary contents of the number are excellent, and we need only call the attention of "our ladies to it, to insure it a well-merited patronage.—*Saturday Post*, $2.00 per annum.—*Morning Chronicle, Pittsburgh.*

THE SEASONS: By James Thompson, New York. *D. Appleton & Co. Philadelphia, Godey & McMichael.*—Undoubtedly from the pen of the gifted author of "The Beggar's Petition," one of the neatest engravings we have yet seen in any of the magazines. The Fashions, a department in which this magazine excels, are splendidly got up. The plate, containing half a dozen figures, is very neatly colored, and all the fashions are the latest London and Paris. The literary contents of the number are excellent, and we need only call the attention of "our ladies to it, to insure it a well-merited patronage.—*Saturday Post*, $2.00 per annum.—*Morning Chronicle, Pittsburgh.*

THE SEASONS: By James Thompson, New York. *D. Appleton & Co. Philadelphia, Godey & McMichael.*—Undoubtedly from the pen of the gifted author of "The Castle Builder," "Travels in Switzerland," &c., comes this beautiful and beauty of the "varied year," and has described with more skill still nature, in all her phases. Thus are other poet who has written in the English language. "The Seasons" will be admired as long as Spring and Summer, Autumn and Winter continue to visit the earth. Mrs. Hewitt, in the last few months on English poetry, remarks that Thompson is equally at home in the sunshine and in storm; in the smiling valleys of Arcadia, and in the wastes of Nova Zembla; amidst the busy haunts of mankind, and the solitude and silence of deserts. He is the first of descriptive poets; and he stands the first in the world. He is one of the best poets, and the worst versifiers that ever existed. His versification is artificial and elaborate, and his language deserting simplicity without attaining dignity. It scorns the earth, without being able to soar into the air. In the last passages of his poem we find a gradation of all his thoughts burst through the clouds in which his versification shrouds them; and, like the sun, impart a portion of their own brightness to that which would obscure them. Strange, that he who had such an ear for nature, and had a mind teeming with so many simple and beautiful images, should clothe them in so artificial in which to describe the one and express the other.

HISTORY OF CHARLES VIII., King of France: *By Count Philip De Segur, Aide-de-Camp to Napoleon's Expedition to Russia, &c. Translated from the French, By Richard R. Montgomery, Esq.* Two vol. 12 mo. *Philadelphia: Herman Hooker.*—These work relates to one of the most interesting and romantic periods in the history of Europe—the era of the almost universal struggle between the feudal constitutional central governments, and of the most remarkable advances in civilization. The characters of the Sultan—Louis XI., Charles the Bold, Philip de Commes, the minister and historian; Savonarola, the Florentine priest and seer, and many others,—would in any age form an interesting group; in the fifteenth century they gave an impress to the features of their times. The work before us has been in the original the most popular one in the distinguished author. The translator has performed his duty well, and given it to us with all the spirit and dramatic power of Segur. It will be read with as much interest as that of Froissart or Monstrelet, or the chronicles of one of the new heroes, Philip de Commes.

THE UNITED STATES ALMANAC for 1843.—Mr. C. H. Butler has just published in a handsome duodecimo volume, the United States Almanac, or Complete Appendix for 1843; wherein, besides the ordinary astronomical matter of similar works, are given such tables as are of practical use in every day life, as for the determination of latitudes, tides, &c.; a Complete Census of the United States, from the official report published by order of Congress; a list of the principal officers of Government; a View of all the State Debts, and numerous statistics relative to commerce, manufactures, &c. &c. The work is by Mr. John Bouvier, secretly of the North Eastern Boundary Surveying Expedition, and we know of no more valuable work of the same description in the market.

THE CABINET.—The 7th No. of Harper's Library of Select Novels, which has just been received by Mr. Burgess, No. 4 Ledger Buildings, contains the tale of "Cousins," an historical romance of the Court of Russia, by Mrs. Holland. It is complete in a single volume, and is sold at the low price of 25 cents. The Iron Prince Mentikoff might be called the Cardinal Wolsey of Russia, in regard to his elevation, services and sudden fall from greatness—the character in history more strikingly exemplifies the instability of fortune and the caprices of absolute power. Mrs. Holland has very happily chosen him as the leading incidents in the extraordinary fortunes of this noble, and his family as the basis of her new romance, which is written with her usual ability.

CAMPBELL'S FOREIGN MONTHLY MAGAZINE, *for October*, is an excellent number. The History of Duelling, from the Edinburgh Review, is a valuable paper, and alone worth the price of the Magazine for a year. The powerful tale of Alethea, by Mary Leader, is continued. A striking paper on Mines and Colleries, with wood cuts, will attract general attention. The poetry and miscellaneous articles are well selected. Indeed, everything in the number proves Mr. Campbell to be a man of fine taste, and admirably suited to conduct a periodical like this. We heartily wish him the success he so well deserves. The price of the Magazine is $5.00 per annum. Office, 98 Chestnut street, second story.

THE ADVENTURES OF HARRY HOLMAN, *by the Author of "Uncle Philip's Conversations."—New York, D. Appleton & Co., Philadelphia, Godey & McMichael.*—The author of "Uncle Philip's Conversations," we believe, is the Rev. Dr. P. L. Hawks, of New York, one of the finest writers and most eloquent preachers to that country. The adventures of the celebrated navigator, Henry Holmes, form the first volume of a series from his pen, to be entitled "A Library for the young Gentleman." The history of the celebrated and unfortunate navigator has all the interest of a romance.

THE PRINCIPLES OF CHEMISTRY: *Prepared for the use of Schools, Academies, and Colleges; By Daniel D. Smith.*—Mr. Uriah Hunt, of No. 101 Market street, has just published a second edition of this valuable and popular work, revised and adapted to the present condition of the science. It now embraces all the important new ideas in Liebig, Kane, Daniell, Graham, and others, and as an elementary treatise is perhaps equal to any book on the subject.

Literary and Scientific.

☞ **Very few** magazine articles, in many years, have been more universally read than Mr. Hoffman's "Bon Blower's Story," in Graham's Magazine for September. The editor of the Gazette, printed at Shrewsport, Indiana, in copying it, remarks that though he cannot vouch for its truth, it comes within the bounds of possibility. "Such an occurrence actually did occur some years since at the wharf in Cincinnati, in that instance, the unfortunate negro fireman who crept into the boiler, perished—the victim of his own ingenuity and love of fun."

The *whole* death commencement at Princeton College took place on Wednesday, with the most imposing ceremonies. The Hon. Mr. Bayard, a native of New Jersey, and a graduate of in 1796, was chosen a Vice President in place of Mr. Southard. A great number of degrees were conferred.

☞ Dr. Lardner has received the last number of a new paper entitled "The British Chronicle," published in New York. Mr. Wm. Stoddart, 52 South Ninth street is the agent for this city. The title of the publication set forth its character.

☞ It is now ascertained by geologists that the farther we go down into the bowels of the earth, the heavier is the atmosphere, and that if we go down but twenty miles, we find a liquid mass of fire.

☞ A scientific Congress is to meet at Strasburg on the 23d instant; 750 savans, from different parts of Europe, had already announced their intention of visiting the Congress.

☞ The annual commencement of Columbia College, New York, took place on Tuesday. Nathaniel F. Moore, LL. D., President, conferred the degrees.

☞ Noah Webster says, that by substituting *to* for *unto*, in his version of the Bible, he has saved thirty four pages of close letter-press.

General News.

☞ A distressing suicide occurred last week in the case of Isaac Wall, owner of the school formerly under Capt. Partridge, at Middletown, Ct. Mr. Wolfe left home on Thursday afternoon, and went on board the steamer for New York. His wife, alarmed by his strange appearance during the morning and night previous, roused the suspicions of the citizens. It was found that he had purchased sufficient of two apothecaries for Prussic Acid, and that he had gone off with the steamboat, where his hat was found on the morning of landing New Haven, with a letter and an article of jewelry, to his wife, to whom he had been married only four months. No possible cause can be assigned. He was in easy circumstances, a member of the church, and of the Common Council, and a scholar. He had recently returned from a two years tour in Asia, where he corresponded with the New York Observer.

☞ The Richmond Enquirer, of Monday, gives an account of an affray which happened in that city the day previous, which resulted in the death of an individual named Edmund Ball, by a man named Major Hansen, an individual who some twelve months since, was convicted of murder in the second degree, but has

Gems from the Poets.

THE DEVOTED.

BY ELIZABETH M. CHANDLER.

It was a beautiful sun given by a quiet lady, who lay by naked, where her beloved was, when he by moonlight for her loving memory consecrated in a section of the resolutely unlivened, that she had taken up her abode. Thither resorted her to the grave, before the governor, whom she had by the commissioning there she had [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]